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Dec. 18, 1914

VOLUME IV
NUMBER 103

MOVING PICTURE STORIES

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE
DEVOTED TO PHOTO-PLAYS
AND PLAYERS

"I LOVE YOU," HE HEARD BAINBRIDGE PLEAD. HE WAITED FOR HER ANSWER. THERE WAS NONE
"The Trail Breakers"—101 Bison Film

ANOTHER SMASHING SERIAL

"The Master Key"

John Fleming Wilson's Grand Successor to "TREY O' HEARTS"

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MOVING PICTURE STORIES

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE

DEVOTED TO PHOTOPLAYS AND PLAYERS

Vol. IV DECEMBER 18, 1914 No. 103

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

PHOTOPLAY STORIES: Page

The Trail-Breakers (101 Bison Film) ..... *Frances Bary* 1
A Scrap of Paper (Biograph Film) ..... *Montanye Perry* 6
The Three Men Who Knew (Imp Film) ..... *Grace Oppen* 10
The Widow's Last (Nestor Film) ..... *Richard Ellison* 14
A Night of Thrills (Rex Film) ..... *Robert Carlton Brown* 17
The Girl Stage-Driver (Eclair Film) ..... *George W. Rogers* 20

SPECIAL ARTICLES:

Why Misrepresent Nationalities in Films? .. *Ernest A. Dench* 26
The Scenario Market 29

DEPARTMENTS:

Lives of the Players—Miriam Nesbitt 24
Scenario Hints—The Value of Simplicity 25
Jingles and Jests 27
Items of Interest 27
Newsy Gleanings from the Movie Field 28
News Notes 30
Studio Items 31

The Trail-Breakers

(101 Bison Film)

Scenario by H. G. Stafford *Produced by Henry McRea*

By FRANCES BARY

Sherman Bainbridge
101 Bison Co.

"NO, I tell you, Bainbridge, we can't allow the C. & D. railroad to come in. We must find a way of absorbing them, or putting them out of business. Nevada can't support two lines of railroad, parallel lines at that. Why, man, it's preposterous! It may seem feasible now; the mines are booming, and there is a rush. But it isn't going to last; it's only a flurry. I've had experience in Nevada before. The bottom will be out of the boom in less than six months, and then what is there left to support two lines of railroad? And what is to become of our profits?" He moved closer to his listener. "You're not without resources, Bainbridge; you usually know how to meet a situation. Cant's you think of some way by which we can put them out of business?"

The question was propounded by the president of the D. & H. railroad. He was in conference with Sherman Bainbridge, director and stockholder in his company. The conference followed a dinner in the Roselli home, to which William Clifford, Mr. Roselli's private secretary, as well as Bainbridge, had been invited.

It was not Bainbridge's custom to answer in a hurry. He narrowed his pale, watery-blue eyes, and deliberated. A wily smile lurked at the corners of his mouth. He gave a sweeping glance of the room, as if he expected to surprise an eavesdropper, then answered in a suppressed voice:

"We can't expect to manipulate the situation from New York City. We must send some one out to Nevada to size up the situation, to make overtures to the C. & D. people, if it can't be worked any other way. But we

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must have some one we can trust." He leaned over and whispered: "Clifford, your private secretary, would be the man. You can trust him, can't you?"

Roselli nodded.

"He knows enough about railroading to handle it, doesn't he?"

Again Roselli nodded.

"Keep him out there for some time, to watch your interests." He emphasized the "some time."

"You're right. Clifford is a man of unquestioned integrity and ability. He's our man. Call him."

"Remember," Bainbridge said, slowly and deliberately, as he crossed the library and moved toward the reception-room, "you should be prepared to send him to Nevada for some time. Your interests, in many ways, require it."

At the entrance to the reception-room stood a large screen of carved teakwood. It was at that point that Bainbridge halted, for, in a mirror at the opposite end of the room, he saw reflected the figures of Marie and Clifford. Their position told a tale, not at all pleasing to him. Clifford, strong, virile, commanding, leaning over the girl's chair, was telling her of his love for her. In her beautiful blue eyes, as blue as wild chicory, he found a favorable answer. Her slight, girlish figure rested confidingly against him. Bainbridge's face darkened, but with perfect self-control he withdrew stealthily to the library and beckoned to Marie's father to follow him.

Roselli's nature was more impulsive. He was ready to rush forward and grab Clifford by the throat, but Bainbridge held him in check. He held him by the arm and led him back to the library.

"What do you say now to your fine young man of integrity, of honor?" he sneered.

"The presumption!" the father expostulated. "My daughter marry my secretary? Never, I tell you; never! I'll kick him out." With that he made another move toward the other room.

"Slowly, my friend; never do anything in a hurry. Ring for Jenkins, and have him call the young man. Deal with him as you think best, but don't explain. Explanations only complicate matters." Then he added, with emphasis: "My advice is, don't tip your hand; send him out to Nevada for some time—for a long time. Distance is a sure remedy."

"I'll kick him out now!" Roselli thundered, with increased anger.

"As you think best," the other leered. "I shall wait in the conservatory."

Every moment that Roselli ruminated on the thought of his young secretary's temerity, as he regarded it, his indignation heightened. By the time Clifford reached the library his temper was at the boiling point. He looked at him savagely.

Roselli stopped abruptly by the screen at the entrance

"So!" he exclaimed, as he looked at him. "I sent for you to tell you that you need not report for duty to-morrow morning."

"You mean—"

"That you are discharged."

"Without an explanation?"

Roselli gave a decisive nod. Clifford stiffened. His firm, square jaw set. He looked steadily, unflinchingly at his employer.

"Mr. Roselli, you would not do this to an office boy; you would show him more consideration. I can't allow myself to be kicked out after five years of service. It is a reflection on my integrity, on my manhood. I demand an explanation." He spoke with quiet detemination.

Roselli, unaccustomed to take orders, resented his secretary's manner.

"Richards will pay you a month's salary."

Clifford made a menacing gesture, then checked himself.

"Money? You can't offer me money in place of character. I demand to know why I'm kicked out of your office—and your home, for what you are doing amounts to that. I shall never rest until I know." He paused. "Mr. Roselli, I love Marie, and when I come to you to ask for her, I want to come with a clean name—"

"What! You dare! You try to intimidate me?" he burst forth. "Leave my daughter out of this now, and for all time. Good-night!"

The abrupt dismissal staggered Clifford for a moment, but he quickly recovered himself and with dignity he left the room. He paused in the hall, his impulse being to reenter the reception-room, to see Marie. But remembering with pain the injustice done him, and that he was leaving her home under a cloud, he desisted. Jenkins was the only person to bid him good-night.

Again, Roselli stopped abruptly by the screen at the entrance to the reception-room, but this time a more pleasing picture was reflected in the mirror. Bainbridge was leaning over Marie's chair. He smiled contentedly. But her father, from his position behind the screen, could not see her troubled face.

* * * * * *

The world looked very black to Clifford. New York suddenly grew too small for him, too cramped. With his summary dismissal, he knew that he stood very little chance of employment elsewhere. And to clear up the situation was futile. His employer would not see him again. He was seized with an overwhelming desire to get away from everything, everybody. He wanted to lose himself. Like so many more New Yorkers, his personal knowledge of his own country did not extend far beyond the Hudson river. But he had from railrod maps acquired a large acquaintance with the West. His mind persistently turned in that direction.

Something of the bigness of the life, the freedom from conventions, traditions, the hardening competition, appealed to his imagination. The life of the trail-breaker has a certain fascination for the venturesome.

It was natural for him to think of Nevada as the one place in the West that he knew most about. Besides, the construction of the C. & D. railroad held out a prospect of employment. With his trained knowledge of railroading he felt he stood some chance. And in a country where all men start even, he was confident that his summary dismissal wouldn't count against him. Armed with a determination to win out, to set himself right eventually, he left New York City.

Clifford joined the construction camp of the C. & D. railroad as a common laborer. He worked, elbow to elbow, with Indians and Mexicans. He asked no favors; he meant to succeed by reason of his own worth. He won the confidence of the Indians, he was a familiar figure at the Walker's Lake reservation; popular with squaw and papoose, no less than with the men. He won the respect and admiration of his superior, as well as that of the men with whom he was associated. That he was a man markedly above his position was patent to them all. But he found great satisfaction in the use of his brawn, the satisfaction that comes after a hard day's work—a tired body and a refreshed mind. And in the evening, to lie down on the ground and look out toward the mountains, phantom ranges of purple and gold, to feel the nearness of the stars, to watch the weird Joshua trees fade into spectral forms in the soft evening light, to lie there and dream of Marie and of the time when he could go to her, cleared of suspicion—those were supreme moments for him. The men dubbed him "The Star Gazer."

"What's up?" he asked, casually, as he returned to camp after one of his nightly journeys to the stars. The men were standing in groups, and talking in hushed tones. Diamond Dick answered:

"Brady's killed—a missed hole. We put in twelve shots; missed the count, I'm afraid. Brady must have dropped his chisel on the detonating cap. My God!" Big, strong man that he was, he shuddered at the thought. "There ain't a man in this here camp, excepting you, that can take his place, Clifford. You can handle them redskins and greasers. You've got to do it until we can hear from headquarters."

By acclamation, Clifford was made superintendent of construction to take Brady's place. In a short time the confirmation came from Carson City. With his superior intelligence, his training, his knowledge of men, and his ability to get the best out of them, the work of construction pushed rapidly ahead. He had a hard time keeping the Indian laborers sober. From some hidden source they were being given whisky continually. Mexican Joe supplied them liberally with money. Clifford's suspicions were aroused. He felt that the opposition road, the D. & H., had much to do with the continual menace to their lives and to the completion of the work. And, intuitively, he felt that Bainbridge had something very definite to do with it. But he kept his own council, and by sheer will he managed to hold his men down to work.

The day the last spike was to be driven a holiday was proclaimed by the company. The ceremony of driving the last spike was to mark that day. The Indians put on extra feathers and beads; they came in from the reservation in great numbers. Crowfoot, a gang foreman, as their contribution to the festivities, planned a sun dance.

"Look!" Diamond Dick gasped, as he pointed toward the desert. "Something's up with them redskins!"

The men of the camp had gathered, awaiting the arrival of the Indians. A great cloud of dust arose. Through it they could see the Indians riding wildly toward them, uttering horrible, sickening yells. With arms folded, Clifford quietly, determinedly, awaited their coming. As they neared him, he could distinguish Crowfoot on horseback, the prostrate body of his wife, Waseka, and her papoose lying across the blanket. With a grunt Crowfoot pointed to her.

"Big engine kill her. I kill him." Then he motioned to the other Indians to follow him.

"They mean mischief. Mount," Clifford commanded.

In a second the men were in their saddles, riding close on the hoofs of the Indian ponies. As they neared the tracks of the D. & H. line they were surprised to find that a big "special" standing there was the object of the Indians' wrath. Clifford rode into their midst, raised his revolver, and commanded them to desist.

"Look!" Diamond Dick gasped, as he pointed toward the desert. "Something's up with them redskins!"

"When did she come in?" he asked of one of the men.

"Not more'n an hour ago; looks like she belonged to some big New York swell."

Clifford dismounted. Taking Crowfoot by the shoulder, he said, sympathetically, "I'm sorry for you. Don't kill. Your word." He held out his hand. Crowfoot took it. "Wait until I come out." He moved toward the private car.

"Yes, wait, big chief," the Indian answered, stolidly.

Clifford entered the private car from the rear platform. It was a bewildering array of mirrors and luxurious furnishings. He had taken but a few steps when he stopped suddenly, caught by the figures of two people, reflected in a mirror at the farther end of the car. From where he stood behind the piano, he could not see the couple nor could he be seen. He passed his hand over his eyes, to feel sure that he was not dreaming. There was Marie Roselli, seated at the piano, Sherman Bainbridge standing over her and pleading with her. In that moment he saw clearly the meaning of his discharge.

"I love you," he heard Bainbridge plead. He waited for her answer. There was none. Clifford withdrew, unnoticed. When he joined his men again they noticed a drawn, set look on his face.

"Come, Crowfoot, big chief in there not to blame. We will tell big chief in Washington; he will punish. No shooting; come, give me your word." He extended his hand as he spoke. Crowfoot took it, and he knew he would keep his word—if sober.

Two hours later the construction camp was in an uproar. The men came tearing into camp, Mexican Joe, his hands roped, in their midst.

"We've caught him red-handed." With a growl the men pushed him toward Clifford. "He's been planting dynamite on our road, damn him! We saw him; the other greasers got away. A rope, boys!"

"Wait, boys; he's only a tool. We'll get at the real culprit, and when we do—" Clifford's threatening gesture assuaged the men. "Keep him well guarded, but don't try speedy justice in this camp."

"Father," she cried, "that man has committed a penal offense"

The last spike was not driven into the C. & D. road that day. The Indians, crazed with whisky, which they had in large quantities, were bent on mischief. The men tried to drive them back to the reservation, but they were too cunning. They tore up the rails, they tried to blow up the new engine which stood on a side-track. Toward evening came a lull, which the men interpreted as a drunken stupor which had made them helpless. They had disappeared from the camp. Clifford was not so sure of that. He mounted his horse and rode toward Walker's Lake reservation. In the distance he saw the figure of a man running toward him, waving his hands frantically and shouting wildly.

"For God's sake, come!" he panted, as he neared Clifford. "They're killing them all. They've run the train on to a spur; they've blown up the main line."

"What train?" Clifford demanded.

"The special on the D. & H."

Clifford turned his horse without speaking, rode back to camp, called his men to follow him, and like one possessed whipped up his horse and rode across the stretch of desert that lay between the construction camp and the D. & H. railroad. The distance seemed interminable. He thought of all the terrible things that might happen before he reached there; of Marie at the mercy of those drink-crazed Indians! A lifetime of agony was crowded into that short space of time which it took to cover the distance.

When he got there he found that the Indians had taken possession of the train. From the roof of the Roselli private car they were firing. It was unsteady, their aim was reckless. Clifford and his men, who followed close behind him, covered them with their guns. Singling Crowfoot out, he commanded him to descend. He grunted sullenly. Clifford aimed, then said in a tense voice, "Come down or I'll fire on you." Cowed, Crowfoot descended slowly. As he did so, Clifford kept his gun on him.

When the firing had ceased, Roselli, Bainbridge and Marie cautiously looked out of the window, and straight at Clifford. His eyes met Marie's for one brief moment, but in that moment he knew that he had not been forgotten. Crowfoot slunk up to his side.

"What are you trying to do? No, don't touch him, boys!"

"My wife, my baby; Indian never forgets."

"Call them off, Crowfoot, or I'll fill them full of lead, and you, too," Clifford thundered.

Crowfoot beckoned to them, but the drink-crazed Indians mistook it for a signal to fire again. They soon dropped from the roof of the car like flies. Those that escaped unhurt fled across the desert.

"Go back to camp, boys. Keep your eye on him," pointing to Crowfoot, "and on the others. Some of you fellows had better patrol the track."

Clifford, with splendid self-command, entered the Roselli car. Mr. Roselli received him with profuse thanks.

"Mr. Roselli, you haven't any time to lose," he said, curtly, ignoring the thanks. "Pull out now, before it's too late. Your engine ran over the wife and baby of one of the Indians. They're full of whsky now; somebody has given it to them." He looked straight at Bainbridge as he spoke. "When I find out who it was, I'll make it hot for him."

"A dead Indian more or less is no loss," Bainbridge sneered.

Marie approached him timidly.

"I want to thank you for what you have done. You will let me thank you, won't you—Will?"

She extended her hand. He looked into her deep, trusting blue eyes. They reassured him. He took her hand.

"There must be something we can do for you. You have saved our lives," Roselli insisted.

"Yes, there is," he answered, after some moments of reflection. "Give me just five minutes with your daughter."

The request startled the father. He made a protesting gesture.

"Father," Marie remonstrated, "remember what we owe to Mr. Clifford."

Roselli beckoned to Bainbridge, who followed reluctantly. Alone, she held out both her hands to Clifford.

"Why did you go away without seeing me? It was cruel."

"I couldn't see you again, not until—" his voice faltered.

"I think I know. Father discharged you, but it wasn't your honesty he questioned. That much he told me." She hesitated.

"Yes—what then?" he urged, eagerly.

"It is hard to say—he wants me to marry Sherman Bainbridge. But I can't; I never can marry him; I don't like him. I feel that Sherman has had something to do with your going away. I think he suspected that you care for me, and that I—"

"Do you still, Marie?"

She nodded shyly. He caught her in his arms and kissed her.

"I'm afraid we can't have father's consent."

"I think we can," he said, significantly. "Marie, can you take orders and execute them without faltering?" She looked at him in surprise.

"I want you to urge your father to return to New York immediately. Get to Bainbridge's office before he can get there. I suspect that you will find among his papers copies of letters written to his Nevada agent instructing him to bribe the Indian laborers working on our line, with whisky and money. It is a United States offense to give whisky to Indians. We'll have Bainbridge just where we want him if we get any evidence."

"You don't think father had anything to do with it?" she asked anxiously.

"Only Bainbridge could have thought of that. Get the letters, Marie; don't let them out of your hands. Wire me when you have them, and I shall take the next train for New York. I'm only a trail-breaker, Marie—"

"You're one man in a thousand—in ten thousand!" and she threw her arms about his neck.

* * * * * *

The very next morning after her arrival in New York City, Marie hurried down to the office of the D. & H. railroad. She reached Bainbridge's private room before him, and hurried through his papers until she found the desired copies. The very evidence Will suspected was in them. Clutching them tightly in her hands, she started toward the door as Bainbridge was about to enter. He demanded to know the reason for her early visit. Without answering, she tried to pass him. He blocked her way, and as he did so, caught sight of the letters in her hands.

"What are you doing with them?" he demanded savagely, as he tried to wrest them from her.

She cried for help. Her father, followed by office clerks, rushed into the room.

"Father," she cried, "that man has committed a penal offense. I have the evidence."

Her father, no less amazed than Bainbridge, ordered the office help back to their places.

"Now, what is it, Marie?" he asked, trying to keep control of himself.

"He has been giving whisky to the Indians; he knows why. I have the evidence here, and I'm going to use it."

Roselli was speechless. His face turned ashy white, his lips livid. He turned to Bainbridge.

"Why don't you let her use them, Roselli?" he asked, with a canny smile.

"Father!" she exclaimed, as she looked from one to the other, then buried her face in her hands. "Father, you—you knew about this?"

Roselli bowed his head. Bainbridge left them alone.

"And you wanted me to marry a lawbreaker? You were willing to sell me, to sacrifice my happiness! How could you?"

"Give me those letters, my child. You cannot use them against your father." His voice was unsteady.

Her first impulse was to obey. Then she hesitated.

"No, I cannot," she said in impassioned tones. "There is a price upon them. You must promise me to pay the price before I give them up."

"What is the price? I will give you anything you want."

"It's your consent to my marriage to Will Clifford. I love him; I have always loved him. I shall never marry anybody else. Father, you will say yes?" she asked, earnestly, as she held the letters before him.

Roselli took his daughter gently in his arms.

"You will?" she reiterated, eagerly.

"Without the bribe, daughter. You have chosen well."

"Give me a telegraph blank, quick, quick!"

He watched over her shoulders as she wrote:

"Mr. William Clifford, Hawthorne, Nevada:

Come on immediately. I have father's consent. We have no need of the letters. (Signed) Marie."

A Scrap of Paper

(Biograph Film)

From J. Palgrave Simpson's Adaptation of Sardou's Celebrated Comedy

By MONTANYE PERRY

Vola Smith
Biograph Co.

"LOUISE, dear—do you think it will rain to-morrow? I must tell you—"

"Sh-h-h! There she comes again! Brieux? No, I don't care for his books—"

"There, your cousin Suzanne and my uncle Brisemouche are keeping her busy—please come into the conservatory. I must tell you!"

"But, Prosper dear, she will find us."

"Yes, and give us fits. But maybe we can have one moment together first. Why does your mother try so hard to keep us apart?"

"Well, mothers, you know, my dear, are hard to please. They seem to forget that they ever were young."

"But she shall not keep us apart, shall she, my darling?"

So the conversation led to where such conversations always do—came to where it ceased to be conversation at all, lips being otherwise engaged.

Cousin Suzanne and Uncle Brisemouche did their best, and for ten minutes Madame de Merrivale did not notice the absence of the lovers. But what were ten minutes? A mere aggravation!

"Louise! Prosper—sir! How dare you! Mathilde! Anatole! Can't I trust you young people out of my sight for one moment?" From the topmost hair of her luxuriant and detachable coiffure to the bottommost fill of her flowered silk evening gown, Madame Merrivale trembled with indignation. Even the bright red rose upon her bosom trembled with her wrath. Prosper shriveled up until his head nearly slipped down through his collar. Louise sat dumb with terror. So overcome were they that they could not even unclasp their intertwining fingers until madame rudely tore them apart.

Prosper and Anatole talked it all over afterward with Suzanne and Uncle Brisemouche. Suzanne and the uncle were sympathetic, but what could they do? If madame were a moth or a beetle, the uncle would know how to handle her scientifically, but although she fluttered about like the moth and had the belligerent appearance of the beetle, she was not to be subdued with chloroform, or fastened to a card with a pin.

Cupid was sympathetic, too, to the depths of his plaster heart! When the lovers tucked their billets-doux under his feet, he stood on them firmly until the one to whom they were addressed came for them—what more could a friendly Cupid do to show his sympathy?

Nobody in the little group had the slightest sympathy for madame. It is doubtful if they would have had any if they could have seen her at that moment, wringing her hands and wailing, "What shall I do! Brisemouche is an old friend of the family—I can't forbid him bringing his nephews to the house, but if they keep coming here there is sure to be an elopement and a scandal, and oh, dear!—o-oh, dear!"

No, it would not have made much difference if they had seen her. To them she would still have been a hard, cross, calculating mother, very generous so far as gowns and jewels and adornments to enhance the natural charms of her daughters were concerned, but very stingy and grudging when it came to the question of associates and companions. So different is the mental attitude of forty, with its ambitions for houses and lands and titles, from the attitude of twenty, with its vision of cottages, and roses, and love.

Cousin Suzanne was somewhat more than twenty, to be sure, and uncle Brisemouche was more than twice that, but cousin Suzanne still had romance in her soul and uncle Brisemouche, the unscientific and human side of him, was as young in spirit as he ever had been.

"It's a mean shame!" exclaimed Suzanne.

"But what can be done?" said the uncle.

Prosper and Anatole looked at each other helplessly.

"Something has got to be done!" was the united opinion.

Madame Merrivale, after her hand-wringing and bemoaning, came down to breakfast all smiles and honeyed words. Louise and Mathilde analyzed her tones, and exchanged glances of shrewd suspicion.

"I have such a lovely surprise for you this morning!" The girls prepared for the worst. "We are going to Paris for the winter."

"Paris! Oh mother, how can you!" Madame Merrivale looked on with well-feigned surprise as her daughters put down their coffee cups and burst into tears.

"Well, well, who ever heard of two giddy girls crying about going to Paris!" she exclaimed. "Paris, with its gay cafés and boulevards—Paris, with its Opera and Theater Comique and Bal Tabarin; Paris, where all the stylish hats and gowns originate"—she smiled as she played her trump card and watched its effect.

"If they love us as much as they say they do, they will follow us," suggested Mathilde, when mamma had stepped out for a minute.

"But men are so fickle," replied Louise.

"Oh fudge!" retorted Mathilde, "if they are fickle, now is the time to find it out, not after we're married."

"It's all right for you to talk so," disconsolately returned her sister, "you're only eighteen, but I'm getting old—

I'm almost twenty-one. I should be already married."

Mathilde's laugh was a gloom-chaser. "There are men in Paris, sister dear, and Paris hats and Paris gowns are most enticing."

Louise, however, was not so sanguine. She was taking no chances of losing her lover, and just before they started for London Bridge station she entrusted a last little note to sympathetic Cupid.

"My Dearest Love:

Mother is taking me away to Paris. She is determined to marry me to the Baron de la Glaciere. Follow on the next train.

With all my love,

Louise."

All winter long Cupid covered it with his little cold feet. He looked helplessly out through the cracks in the shutter as Prosper and Anatole came to the door, rang, waited, and turned away with despairing gestures, but as there is no such thing in the world as a plaster voice he could not call to them.

His long, chilly vigil lasted until spring broke over the world, bringing yellow sunbeams to dance even in the heart of old London. The sparrows came back, the venders of pale spring blossoms came back, the fashion parades in the park came back, and Madame Merrivale came back! With her came Suzanne, who had accompanied the family to Paris; Mathilde, whose pale face indicated that her sojourn in the gay capital had brought her no happiness; Louise, fresh and blooming, and the Baron de la Glaciere!

Cupid nearly fell off his perch when he saw the baron. While he had been so carefully guarding the precious missive which told Prosper of Louise's undying love, that errant young lady's heart had been repierced by a dart from another Cupid—a French one!

Of course, Uncle Brisemouche called, as soon as he heard of their arrival. And of course Prosper and Anatole came with him. Prosper, approaching Louise with outstretched arms and a joyous smile upon his lips, grew pale with apprehension as she pointed to the man whom he had brushed aside in his eager haste to welcome her.

"This is my husband, the Baron de la Glaciere," she said, her face showing her confusion. "Husband, this is Prosper, an old friend of our family."

The two men, not being pleased to meet, did not say that they were. Each face seemed to say to the other, "I never heard of you—why must you be thrust upon me now?"

To Louise the situation was a bit embarrassing, since it revealed her lack of frankness; somewhat emotional, as poor Prosper was evidently very much cut up; but highly satisfactory, after all, since to all appearances here were two men so madly in love with her that only the demands of etiquette seemed to keep them from mortal combat.

Mathilde and Anatole promptly sought the conservatory and took up the thread of love's story just where they had dropped it months before, while Suzanne explained matters to Uncle Brisemouche.

"It was a shame!" declared Suzanne. "She took the poor girl away with hardly a moment's warning. Louise and Mathilde hoped and expected that Prosper and Anatole would follow them to Paris."

"But none of us knew where you had all gone," replied the uncle. "I would have sent the boys immediately, but when we called the day after the reception, the house was closed, not even a servant here."

Suzanne looked at him in blank amazement. "Was she as mean as that!" she exclaimed. "None of us girls knew that the house was to be closed."

Prosper called it a fortunate chance which led his uncle, the baron and Anatole to go hunting together the next day, while the madame and Mathilde were automobiling. He hastened to call on Louise. "How did it happen?" he asked, abruptly.

"Your failure to answer my last letter has led to my present happiness," she replied. "Yes, I am happy—the baron is all that is good and noble. But at first, when you did not answer my letter, I was very unhappy. I realized that you had forgotten me, so I tried to forget, too—and I succeeded."

"Your letter—what letter?" exclaimed Prosper. "I got no letter from you."

"I left it in the old place, under the statuette."

Prosper rushed to the spot and Cupid yielded up the ardent note over which he had stood guard for so many weary months. Prosper read it, then with a bitter smile he calmly put it in his pocket.

"Prosper! You won't keep it—please!" gasped Louise.

Prosper shriveled up until his head nearly slipped down through his collar

"Why not—you wrote it for me, did you not?" Though his face was most unhappy, his eyes were teasing, not threatening.

"But you mustn't keep it now—you know that you must not."

"But I am going to keep it," Prosper replied, his face growing sober and resolute. "I can forgive you now, for I feel sure that you did not know that it would be impossible for me to get the letter from its hiding-place."

"No, she did not," broke in Suzanne, who had been an interested spectator of the little scene, "you must not blame her."

"I blame her for nothing," said Prosper. "If another supplanted me in her affections, the fault must be in me, and I will not whine over my misfortune. I wish you every happiness, Louise, but for the sake of Mathilde and Anatole, who have been true to each other, who cannot be happy apart, I am going to keep this letter, and I shall show it to the baron—"

"You shall not show it to the baron. I forbid you!" It was Suzanne who interrupted, confronting him with wrath blazing in her eyes and flaming from her crimson cheeks.

Prosper looked at Suzanne with an interest which he had never felt before. He had always thought her rather plain and uninteresting, but now she was revealing depths of feeling and capacity for action of which he had been totally ignorant.

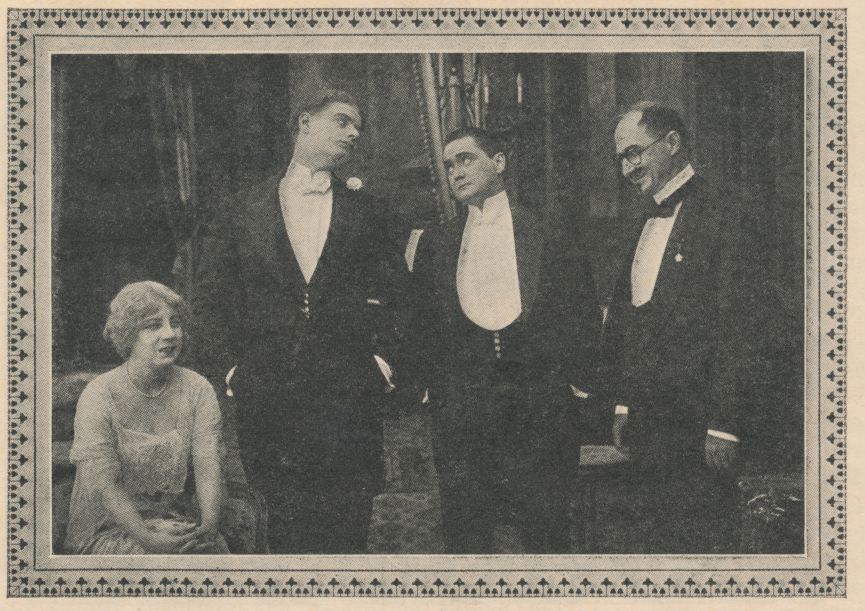
"Let me finish," he went on, addressing Suzanne now, instead of Louise. "I will show this to the baron unless you two persuade Madame Merrivale to consent to the marriage of Mathilde and Anatole." Bowing himself out, he left them gasping from the suddenness of his ultimatum.

"Do you suppose he will do it?" Louise stammered.

"I don't know that we could blame him. He adores his brother, and he does not care to have his life blighted as his own has been," Suzanne returned, then checked herself as Louise stared at her with terrified eyes.

"You must not let him! Oh, Suzanne, can't you stop him? Go to his room—plead with him. For my sake, cousin!"

Suzanne refused, but in the end she consented, as she always had consented to Louise's requests.



Prosper and Anatole talked it all over afterward with Suzanne and Uncle Brisemouche

Prosper raised his brows when the maid announced his caller. "Show her in," he said.

"Prosper, if you keep that letter you are as mean as Madame Merrivale, my respected aunt, and tongue can say no more," Suzanne began, without preliminaries.

"I don't agree with you," he smiled, provokingly calm.

"Yet you would be willing to wreck Louise's happiness."

"No, certainly not. The letter need not do that."

"But it will. Louise is so agitated that she cannot act in a natural manner. Already the baron is suspicious of you—I could see it yesterday. Give up the letter, and put her mind at rest, Prosper."

Prosper smiled. "But Mathilde and my brother?" he said inquiringly, "how are their minds to be put at rest?"

"Love will find a way—I'll help them."

"I wonder if that is so," he said, looking deep into the blue eyes whose exact meaning he had never been able to fathom.

"Do you doubt my word?"

"Certainly not. I was thinking not of the promise, but of the old adage—'Love will find a way!' It didn't, in my case, did it?" and he tried to take her hand in his.

But Suzanne was not to be diverted from the letter. At last, with a laugh, Prosper put on his riding coat and went to the door.

"The letter is in this room," he said. "If you find it before I return, you may do as you like with it."

Suzanne gazed at him from the window as he went away, and there was a shade of wistfulness, a decided tinge of admiration in her expression, but a tap at the door brought her quickly back to the center of the room. It was Louise, breathless, anxious, terror-stricken. Suzanne explained how the matter stood and Louise, throwing her lace scarf over the back of a chair, joined in the search for the letter.

"You shouldn't have come here," scolded Suzanne, as they peered anxiously into every nook and corner.

"Oh yes, I should—for I've found it!" Louise exulted, pulling the letter from an old tobacco jar and waving it exultantly. But, at that instant, the baron's voice in the corridor outside turned their rapture to dismay.

Without an instant's hesitation Suzanne forced Louise into Prosper's chamber, and met the baron at the door coolly.

"Ma femme—Baroness de la Glaciere—she ees not at home!" he cried excitedly.

"No? where is she?" Suzanne inquired calmly.

"She ees here—I know it! Mon Dieu, that man—that Prosper! Only once have I seen him, but already I hate! I will kill him!"

"I wouldn't do that, baron. Such things aren't done, you know—you would be hung," suggested Louise. "To be hung is unpleasant."

But the baron would not be pacified. "I will tear him—I will avenge—" Suddenly his glance fell upon the lace scarf, and Suzanne cautiously edged toward the door of the chamber.

"She ees here—I know it—you are hiding her!" With his eyes glaring insanely he confronted Suzanne, with the bit of filmy lace in his hands.

Suzanne, with arms outstretched, guarded the door.

"Baron," she began, "in order to protect your wife from your ridiculous suspicions I must confess, I must confess," she began. "I am the indiscreet one—not Louise."

The baron looked at the scarf. "It ees my wife's," he maintained.

"Yes, it is your wife's scarf—I often wear her things. But your wife is not here. It is I who love Prosper, and he—he—"

"He deceived you! I see it all. What a wretch. I will kill him—your honor shall be avenged!" Before Suzanne could move or speak he had rushed out to find Prosper, with murder in his soul and a repeater loaded with thirty-eights in his excitable hands.

"Things are getting so complicated," sighed Suzanne whimsically. "Well, a man so excited as that is a poor shot, and he went in the wrong direction to find Prosper, anyhow. His wrath will cool—and I fancy Prosper is a man who can take care of himself. Louise, come out of there and go home instantly. You have made trouble enough. I have the letter and I'll finish things up."

Louise was glad to escape, and Suzanne, left alone, smiled at the scrap of paper which had been the cause of so much trouble.

"I'll make him burn it himself," she thought, and twisting it up she laid it on top of the papers in the waste basket. Emptying the match safe, she burned all the matches in the open fireplace and then, enclosing a blank sheet of paper in the envelope, she buried it once more in the tobacco jar.

When Proper returned, Suzanne was sitting dejectedly by the table. He laughed, and going to the tobacco jar he rolled a cigarette. Then, finding the matchbox empty he picked up the twisted letter, just as she had planned, and bent to light it in the fire.

There came a tap at the door, and she stepped hastily into the next room. When she returned, Prosper sat calmly smoking his cigarette.

"Just a messenger boy," he said. "Didn't find the letter, did you?"

"I certainly did!"

"You did? It is in the jar yet."

"Oh, no, my bright friend. You men think you are so smart. You lighted your cigarette with it."

"You—you don't mean that twist of paper that I had in my hand when the messenger knocked?"

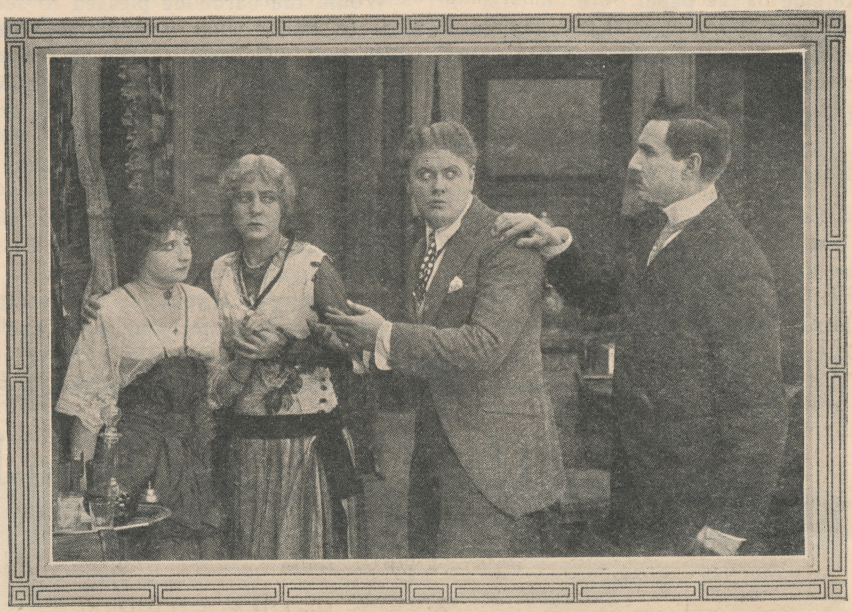
"Certainly."

"Great heavens, Suzanne, I threw it out of the window!"

They rushed for the door, but before it could be opened excited voices were heard in the hall. They recognized them as coming from Uncle Brisemouche and the baron.

Prosper received them cordially, despite the fact that the baron still had his finger on the trigger of the gun and was using both hands and the gun for making gestures to fit his explosive language.

"I demand zat you marry ze young lady," he shouted. "I demand it, sir!"



"This is my husband, the Baron de la Glaciere," she said

"There are circumstances which make such a demand unnecessary," replied Prosper, quite unruffled. "Miss Suzanne and I expect to be married next month, don't we, dear?" A swift, searching glance into his mischievous but earnest brown eyes, and she went to his outstretched arms.

"Sacre bleu!" gasped the Frenchman, as his weapon clattered to the floor. "What a suddenness!"

Prosper, in his new excitement and happiness, forgot all about the troublesome scrap of paper, and saw the baron depart with Suzanne with no misgivings. "Come to tea this afternoon," were Suzanne's parting words, and he obeyed them.

It was during the tea-drinking, with the whole families assembled, that Prosper saw Anatole slip a note into the hand of the maid, who in turn attempted to slip it to Mathilde, but was caught in the act by Madame Merrivale.

As the madame unfolded the scrap of paper, Prosper was horrified to see that it was the same letter which he

had thrown from the window—the mischievous scrap of paper seemed bewitched! But as she read, he observed that the message which had been penned by Louise for his eyes alone was not before the madame's eyes now—what she was reading was the opposite side of the paper.

Curious to know what had happened, he drew near and read over her shoulder:

"My Own Mathilde:

If you love me, meet me in the garden at ten, and we will elope.

Anatole."

The madame's eyes blazed with fury. Her lips opened for wrathful denunciation, but Prosper stepped forward and laid his hand on her arm.

"Be quiet, for one moment. Will you have scandal, madame? Read the other side of that paper."

Bewildered, she obeyed, and gasped with dismay, as she saw the words which Louise had penned so many months before.

"Would the baron be pleased to see that—to know what it contains?" he whispered. "Consent to the marriage of Mathilde and Anatole, here and now give your consent before us all, or, here and now before them all, I will see that the baron understands everything."

With one last, lingering look of wrath, madame c pitulated with the best grace she could muster.

"But where did you get that scrap of paper you wrote your note on?" Prosper asked Anatole at the first opportunity.

"In uncle's desk—I grabbed the first thing at hand," was the reply, which only deepened the mystery to Prosper.

"Where did you get that scrap of paper?" he asked his uncle, drawing him aside.

"The wind blew it to my feet, as we were coming toward the house. I looked at it, scented a mystery, and tucked it in my desk until I had a chance to question you," was the reply. "Why, what's it all about?"

"Nothing——nothing at all," laughed Prosper; "all's well that ends well."

And Cupid, from his perch on the piano, rejoiced to the depths of his plaster heart, as Suzanne's hand slipped into Prosper's.

The Three Men Who Knew

(Imp Film)

Adapted from Scenario of Stuart Paton

By GRACE OPPEN

Alexander Gaden
Imp Co.

IN the body of the Temple of Thor were perhaps a hundred scattered worshipers—all men—kneeling silent and motionless on the bare stone floor, their foreheads pressed abjectly to the ground. At the extreme front of the temple was the Holy of Holies, an alcove lined with beaten gold and ornamented with precious rubies, sapphires and emeralds. A bronze image of Thor, the God of Thunder, sat there crosslegged, motionless, waiting. For ages past he had sat there in the sight of adoring multitudes, with his bulldog jaw, his half-placid, half-contemptuous droop of the eyelids—motionless, waiting—for what? And his abject worshipers—what sign did they await?

On the floor just below him sat another crosslegged, motionless figure—a mummy-like skeleton of a man, with unkempt beard, and clawlike hands, and half-closed eyes—the Yogi, or High Priest, himself.

Three young Americans, made overbold by the liquors they had drunk, swaggered arm in arm toward the candle-lit Holy of Holies, vaulted over the low chancel rail, and stopped before the High Priest, who appeared to be as oblivious of all that was passing as the bronze image above him. A paralyzing terror of what might happen had spread among the worshipers, and the temple was filled with the oppressive and vibrating silence. All unconscious of the enormity of their offense, the three Americans stood looking at the motionless figure crouched before them. They spoke to him, they prodded him, they pulled his beard, but to no effect. The figure gave no sign of life.

"Well, it's no wonder he hasn't moved a muscle for seven months—he's a corpse, sure, and been dead all of seven months. More likely, seven years," said Watson, at length, turning to examine the bronze. "These fools call that bull-necked metal doll Thor. They put him up on an altar, and bow down to worship him. We Americans have more sense. We call our Thor electricity, and harness him up and make a slave of him, to fetch and carry and do our heavy and dirty work—"

"Poor old Thor," cried Ferguson, mockingly; "you'll catch cold with the draughts on your bald noddle. Take my hat, old man—" and he tilted his own pith helmet rakishly over one eye of the image.

"For shame, Thor," added Ferguson, slapping the image on its bare thigh; "to be seen in public—at church—with nothing on you but your knowing old smile! Here, let me dress you up like a civilized gentleman!"

With a quick movement, he had stolen Gibson's flaming red tie, and fastened it in a tidy bow about the neck of the idol.

"Cheer up, Thor, old fellow! Don't look so glum. Here's a cigarette to make you happy. Now puff away and show your worshipers some genuine holy smoke!" cried Gibson. He

thrust a lighted cigarette between the idol's lips, laughing immoderately at the comical solemnity of the image.

Suddenly the three Americans stopped laughing, and faced one another in a slowly dawning realization of their position. From a hundred mouths behind them came a long, incredulous wail.

"Ai! Ai! Ai! The white swine have polluted our temple. They are but white swine, and the sons of swine, but they have offered insult to our god. Ai! Ai! Ai!"

There was a rush toward the railing of the Holy of Holies, and a hundred brown bodies strained across it, a hundred loyal daggers flashed ready to avenge the sacrilege.

"We're done for, boys!" said Watson, brokenly.

Suddenly a wave of intense expectation crossed the multitude pressed so eagerly against the chancel rail. The mummified figure called their High Priest had begun slowly to come to life. Slowly its arms and legs uncrossed themselves, the lowered eyelids rose, and the terrific figure of a living skeleton towered above them with accusing forefinger, clawlike and blackened, pointing at the culprits. Finally a dry and cracked voice croaked, "Foreign infidels you be — curs — whipped yellow curs, not fit to run at the tail of a potter's donkey—yet you make boast that the God Thunder is your slave, to fetch and carry for you, and you dare to pollute his shrine. The curses of Thor be upon your heads—" here the old man's voice rose to a piercing shriek, as curse upon curse fell from his blackened lips. He lifted his clawlike hands above his head, and swayed from side to side in the violence of his passion.

His was the face of Hate incarnate—hair and beard, one mass of greasy blackness; eyes, two dark caverns from whose depths shot baleful gleams of wrathful malice—squinting gleams of hate and horror.

"Show thy anger, O Thor!" he cried, turning to the image. "Make them to remember the God Thor."

Even before he had finished speaking there was a blinding flash of light, a deafening report, the temple shook to its foundations, and the image of the god tottered and disappeared in smoke, leaving only a glassy, powdery dust behind.

The worshipers had fallen flat on their faces at this miracle, and only the High Priest was left confronting the three tourists. His clawlike forefinger pointed toward the door, but he said not a word. Only his cracking lips seemed to articulate, "Remember the God Thor."

More dead than alive, the three men stumbled uncertainly toward the door, trembling in every limb, and reached their cab.

"Get us out of here quick," said Watson to the motionless figure on the box. "I'll make your fortune—ask anything you want—only get us away."

Even as the driver whipped up his horses, a low, savage growl, as of a hundred wolves made angry, rose from the temple. Then came a savage howl, which swelled louder and louder upon the night air, while a horde of maddened fanatics ran down the deserted streets, pursuing in insane hate the desecrators of their shrine.

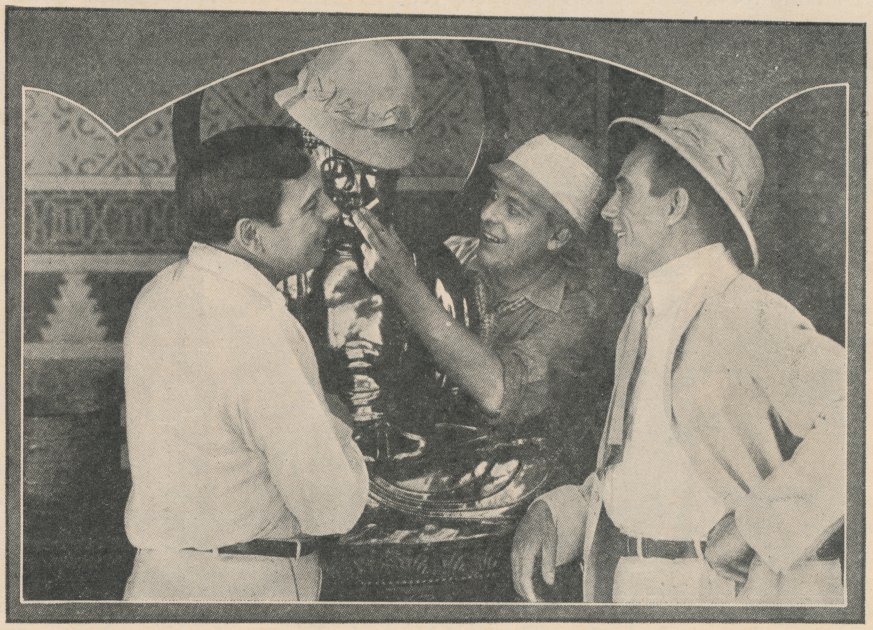
* * * * * *

Two months had passed and Watson and his wife sat under the reading lamp of their softly lighted drawing-room in New York, awaiting their dinner guests, Ferguson and Gibson. Only yesterday the three tourists had returned, and the little dinner to-night was in honor of their home-coming.

"It sure does feel good to be at home again, little woman," said Watson, softly stroking his wife's hand.

"Yes, dear, it's perfect—or would be perfect if you hadn't brought that horrid Mistah back with you. Ugh!" shrinking closer toward him with a shudder. "The man seems so respectful, yet he has such an uncanny way of looking at you. Every once in a while his eyes seem to glare and glare, and to get crossed and squinting. And then, all at once, he seems just a respectful foreign butler. I'd be afraid to be left alone in the house with him."

"Nonsense, dear," said Watson hastily, "he's the most efficient servant we have ever had. Have you forgotten that he saved my life in India, when he almost drove his horses to death to save us from a pack of howling idiots who meant to skin us alive?"



He thrust a lighted cigarette between the idol's lips

"No—of course not—I'm foolish, I suppose. But I can't help feeling that there is something sinister about him."

She went to a desk and took from it a small, neat package.

"Here's something I forgot to give to you yesterday, John. It is a package postmarked "Calcutta," and it ar-

rived two months ago. I've been dying to open it." Seating herself on the arm of his chair she undid the wrappings.

"Confound it," said Watson angrily as a tiny burnished crosslegged image came to light. "Some one has been playing a practical joke." He examined it closely, but could find no mark of identity, save the single word "Remember," engraved on the sacred circle surrounding its head. "Here, Mistah," he said, addressing the butler who had just came in to announce that dinner was ready, "do you know anything about this junk?"

Mistah's impassive face remained perfectly expressionless, but his eyes under their black brows became keen and crafty as he salaamed respectfully before the toy, saying, "It is a true image of the God Thor, Sahib. I have not seen it before."

Just then the guests for whom they had been waiting were announced, and after the usual greetings, all went into the dining-room and celebrated their home-coming with a merry feast. After dinner was over, Ferguson casually drew out of his pocket a small object and held it toward his host.

"By the way, Watson, what do you think of this?" he asked. "It arrived the very day, according to the postmark, that we got mixed up in that fracas in India. Gibson's got one just like it." The two men held out duplicates of Watson's image, except that the circle of one read "Thor," the other "the God."

The three men looked long at one another, and then again at the images. "'Remember—the God—Thor,' the last words of the High Priest," said Gibson. "Well, I'm going to show my respect by smashing mine," he added, throwing it against the brick of the fireplace. It exploded with a sudden report like the bursting of an electric light bulb, and startled them all.

Smash! Bang! went the second image.

Smash! Bang! And the third also had become a little heap of glassy dust.

Gradually they all became aware of another Presence in the room. With one accord they turned and faced a dusky corner of the room, where a dim figure clothed in white was slowly beginning to take shape. The shadowy face of Hate incarnate glared down upon them. Beard, one mass of grease and blackness; eyes, two caverns of darkness, whence gleams of malice squinted evilly; two dried-up claws swaying from side to side above the face. Then the vision of the High Priest disappeared as it had come, leaving them all breathless and trembling.

Mistah's impassive face remained perfectly expressionless as he salaamed respectfully

Gibson and Ferguson took leave of their hostess in whispers, and went to Gibson's bachelor apartment, which he was sharing with his friend. Quietly and without much talk they got ready for bed. Gibson slept on the davenport in his living-room, and gave up his own bedroom to his guest.

"Good-night, old fellow."

"Good-night, sleep well."

And after a rather prolonged period of tossing and turning, the regular breathing of both young men told that they had found rest.

In the middle of the night, Gibson became aware of a Presence bending over him. Two black crossed eyes glared malignantly into his, and a greasy black beard almost touched his face. Horror-stricken, he almost ceased to breathe. He could make no sound. Cold, mummy-like hands were fastening a red necktie around his throat. The dirty, clawlike nails dug into his flesh. The dry, black lips above him whispered with mocking distinctness, "Remember the God Thor!"

Gibson lay in a state of most helpless fear. Every power of his will seemed to have left him. His eyelids dropped wearily, and he felt himself growing fainter, fainter, fainter, as the iron clutch around his throat tightened.

Suddenly the grip relaxed, and Gibson opened his eyes with a start, to gaze into the most terror-wracked countenance he had ever beheld. Ferguson was bending over him, fear and horror and surprise showing in every line of his tense face.

Then he dropped in a heap beside the bed and began to sob hysterically, "Oh, God—I almost did it! I almost strangled my best friend! And all the while I thought it was that damned High Priest!" He groveled on the floor, almost beside himself at the thought of the thing he had just escaped.

Unseen by either man, the vindictive eyes of Mistah appeared and reappeared at the open window, gloating with devilish triumph in their misery.

After about an hour, the two friends, still weak and trembling, made ready for bed once more. This time Ferguson locked himself into his room and threw the key out over the transom to Gibson. "No more sleep-walking for me. Good-night, old fellow."

"Good-night, sleep well this time."

Soon quiet fell once more upon the little household, but sleep did not come to Gibson. All night he lay open-eyed and quivering at the slightest sound. When morning came, he rose and dressed, then sat down to read until Ferguson should waken. But Ferguson did not appear to awaken. Gibson knocked at his door. No response. Gibson pounded on the door and shouted, but received no answer. He unlocked the door and opened it. The room was empty!

The bed, smooth and unruffled, did not appear to have been slept in. There was no trace of Ferguson's wearing apparel and his trunk and valises had disappeared! Gibson rushed to the window. It was locked on the inside!

Like a madman, the terrible suspicion dawned on him—Ferguson had been annihilated! He ran to the telephone and called up Watson. "Come over at once. Quick. Something terrible has happened." Then he sat down weakly to await the arrival of his friend.

That evening, Mr. and Mrs. Watson and Gibson were seated at a table in a quiet café, trying to forget the horrors of the past twenty-four hours. Mistah had been summarily dismissed with a year's pay. "Nothing could induce me to keep that heathen around any longer. We're well rid of him at that," said Watson.

He did not notice a black-bearded, foreign-looking gentleman, dressed in the latest fashion, who sat in a distant corner, never taking his eyes off of Gibson. Those eyes seemed to dart rays of hidden hate and loathing—and their glance was slightly crossed.

Suddenly Gibson's gaze became fixed and staring. His tongue appeared to be cleaving to the roof of his mouth, and he tried vainly to speak. He pointed at the blank wall opposite, where he seemed to see a vision horrible beyond words. Watson and his wife got only a faint, rapidly disappearing impression of a crosslegged, black figure. When they turned back to Gibson, they found that he had slipped to the floor, mouth open, eyes staring, dead!

The horror of those next days for Watson can only be imagined. He could not work. He had become a living shadow of himself, and was always waiting—waiting—waiting.

Just what he expected, he could not say. Some terrible fate he felt certain was hanging over him. He alone remained of the three men who knew of the indignity offered the Hindoo god.

In the small hours of the night, about one week after Gibson's death, Watson sat bowed in thought before his desk, his fingers idly touching his revolver. His wife had used every means to try to make him go to bed, but failed, and had been obliged to go off alone. He toyed uncertainly with his loaded weapon, then shook his head. "Not while she lives—it wouldn't be fair," he muttered to himself.

Just then a piercing shriek from his wife's room woke the stillness. Shriek followed shriek, desperate and blood-curdling. Then all was quiet.

Watson rushed to her bedside and stood paralyzed to see the body of her whom he held most dear writhing in the coils of a huge black serpent. The creature's terrible head covered her face, and its malignant black eyes, strangely familiar in their horror, shot out gleams of anger and hate. Suddenly the creature lifted its head and struck, sending its poisonous fangs deep into the right temple. Even as Watson stood there, unable to move, the gentle beauty of the face he loved seemed to dissolve and change. In its place appeared that of Hate incarnate. A beard of greasy blackness seemed to appear where the soft white throat had been. Two evil crossed eyes shot contempt and loathing at him. Two dry, blackened lips appeared to articulate triumphantly, "Remember—the God—Thor."

He felt himself growing fainter, fainter, as the iron clutch around his throat tightened

Watson gave a great shriek and pressed the revolver to his temple. He pulled the trigger. There was a blinding flash—

When he came to his senses, he found himself sitting quietly at his reading-table in his luxurious drawing-room, nervously fingering the broken ends of the electric light cord of his reading-lamp. In his hand, Watson recognized the novel, "The Three Men Who Knew—An Oriental Mystery."

Then he had never been to India—had never insulted the God Thor. The tragedies of the past were but dreams! He sat dazed, trying to pull himself together before joning his wife, and Gibson and Ferguson, in the music-room. Through the open door, their voices sounded gayly to the tune of the piano accompaniment in the jolly old song,

"For it's always good weather
When good fellows get together," etc.

The Widow's Last

(Nestor Film)

By RICHARD ELLISON

Edward Lyons
Nestor Co.

THE trouble with John Grimes was that he was lonely. The people of the neighborhood, who saw in him only a confirmed old pessimist, a grouch of the grouchiest sort, didn't know that. He didn't know it himself. He thought he liked to live alone. He believed that it was of his own free will that he stuck to his cobbler's last and worked, sometimes until late at night, to retire, then, to the single, ill-kept, dreary room behind his store, in which he lived.

There were a lot of deceptive things about old John. They were so deceptive that it is little wonder, as a matter of fact, that he fooled himself and all his neighbors about his real character.

His hair was very white, for one thing, and very long. But it wasn't long because he was too stingy to patronize the barber, as people said. It was long because if he let it stay long it served to hide a hideous, livid scar that lay just under it, beside his neck. And if his hair was long he was less likely to run his finger along his neck, feeling the scar, and bringing back, with a rush, all the memories it evoked. And people, if they could not see the scar, would not ask him how he came to have it.

He did not like to be asked about that scar.

And if his hair was white, the scar explained that, in a way. Or, rather, what the scar stood for explained it. The white hair and the frightful, disfiguring scar had come to him together. His hair was not white with the thin, silvery whiteness of age. Nor were the wrinkles in his face altogether those that age brings. He was not young, but he was far from being as old as he looked.

No. Wrinkles and scar, white hair, stooping shoulders, all had their origin together. When he saw the scar, or touched it, his mind went back to a night before he had come to this neighborhood.

He had lived in another town, then, far away from this one. And there he had been neither a grouch nor a bachelor, living in a single dilapidated room.

He peered furiously through the broken pane

He had had a house, like other folk, apart from his shop, and a wife, like other folk, too, and two children, whom he idolized. He had been happy, and he had been known as one of the cheeriest, brightest men in all that town. People had brought him their shoes for the sheer pleasure of hearing him talk, for the delight they found in listening to his homely, optimistic comments on things that every one talked about.

And then, one night, he had been out, after supper, having gone to a lodge meeting. He had started home, but on the way he had stopped, attracted by the sight of a little crowd around a Chinese laundry. A lot of boys were baiting the Chinaman. John Grimes had interfered. He could not bear to see any one suffer, and the poor Chinaman was in despair. So Grimes had interfered, not violently, but by persuading the boys to stop. They didn't know him, but they fell under the spell of his personality, and he had his way with them, and made them stop their baiting of the laundryman. Then, smiling, he had resumed his homeward way. The little episode had made him twenty minutes later than he would have been, perhaps.

He had turned the corner into the street where he lived. And he saw that it was full of people. A fire-engine was dashing up. Smoke and flames poured from a house—his house! They tried to stop him. But he had fought like a madman. He had forced his way into the house, to try to save his wife and children. He found them—but they were already dead. And when they brought him out the firemen thought he was dead, too. But he was not. He lived—with the scar, and the white hair, and the wrinkles, and the stoop—all reminding him of what he had lost.

He was weeks in the hospital. And, when he had regained his senses, and knew what had happened, he fright-

ened his nurses with his blasphemies—directed, most of them, against the boys who had made him late in going home that night!

"If I had gone straight home," he said, again and again, "I would have been there in time to save them. I would have been awake and I would have seen the fire, and got them out!"

Time, if it receives only a little help, can heal even such wounds as those. But old John Grimes would neither give it that help himself nor suffer others to give it. He moved away from the town that had seen the tragedy of his life, and settled in this new place.

Such were the reasons for the reputation old Grimes so quickly acquired in the new neighborhood. It was the memory of that trifling episode that had kept him from reaching his house in time that night that made him so bitter against the boys of the neighborhood. He hated them, one and all, because they reminded him of those other boys. Whenever they played outside his shop he drove them away, with blows and curses.

It was that, really, that sealed his unpopularity. Everything else might have been overlooked. But boys resent an enmity that is ill-founded; they loathe injustice. And the boys of the neighborhood, who felt that they had done nothing to arouse the old cobbler's anger, did all they could to get even with him.

They played every imaginable prank upon him, and when he appealed to the police for aid he was laughed at.

"You've got it in for the boys, pop," the policeman told him. "They know it—and there you are! If you could prove any of them was tying up your door and playing all these other tricks on you, there might be something done. But how'm I to know which one does it? I can't lock up every boy in the neighborhood because you don't like them!"

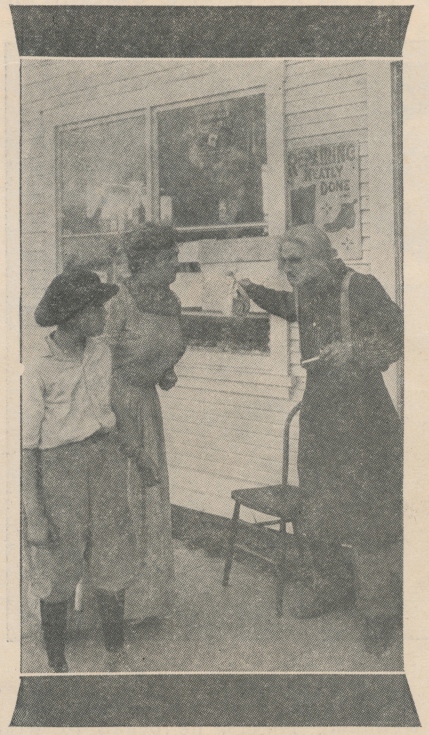
The parents took a similar view. Mothers took the sides of their boys; the fathers were swayed by the mothers. And, moreover, they remembered that they had been boys themselves. They tried to make old Grimes remember that, too, when he took his complaints to them.

"I'll bet you were as bad as any of this lot, Mr. Grimes," said one man. "I know I was worse! They don't mean any harm. Make friends with them. Then you won't have any trouble."

"Make friends with them—friends!" screeched the old cobbler. "I'd rather—I'd rather—"

Rage choked him. He couldn't finish.

Only one soul in all the neighborhood stood up for him. That was the Widow Brown. Perhaps she managed, in some fashion, to peep beneath the crust of ugliness, of malice, and see



"What do you mean by beating my boy?" she demanded

the raw suffering that lay beneath, that was really responsible for all the rest. She never joined in the gossiping attacks on him, at any rate. And when it was agreed to boycott his shop, and take all the shoe repairing work of the neighborhood to a distant cobbler, she refused to join the boycott.

"I will not!" she said, when the proposal was made to her. "He's the only cobbler about here, and there's not a better one in the whole town—nor any one so cheap. I'll not cut off my nose to spite my face. Maybe I'd not like the man who makes the flour I buy, or grows the coffee. But I don't think of that, do I? I only ask if what he makes or grows is good.

"And shame on you, besides! Maybe the man's been touched by troubles we know nothing of. It's his poor living you'd be taking from him—and bad enough it is, at best! If he says my boy's a scamp and a pest, it's I that'll agree with him! And I should know!"

Her vigorous words and her sound common sense stopped the idea of the boycott before it could be put into execution. But if old Grimes ever heard of it, he said nothing. Mrs. Brown tried to engage him in conversation many a time, but his answers to her questions were short and churlish, and she gave up in despair.

But she continued to give him her work, nevertheless, and to feel sorry for him. Instinct brought her, and her alone, somewhere near the truth concerning the strange old cobbler. She could not guess his story, of course, but she did guess that there was a reason for his behavior. Her own cheerful outlook, her broad humanity, enabled her to do that. She had suffered, too, when her boy's father had been killed. She had had a hard time to get along until some little property he had left had risen suddenly in value. Now, though she was far from being rich, she was well provided for. She could look forward to the future without fear, and she would be able to send her boy Tom to college.

Tom ddn't share her ideas about old Grimes. He was just a boy, like the others of the neighborhood, and he had his part in most of the pranks by which all the boys tried to get revenge on old Grimes for his hatred of them. He wasn't malicious; none of them were.

And he did not throw the ball that broke the cobbler's window. That wasn't intentional. No boy ever yet sent a perfectly good baseball through a window on purpose! There is too much danger that the ball will be lost, for one thing!

But when the ball splintered the glass old Grimes was beside himself with rage. He peered furiously through the broken pane The boys were scattering. But he dashed out. And by chance he caught Tom Brown, who hadn't even been playing in the game—

who didn't even know the window had been broken, but had just happened to come along!

Old Grimes didn't allow for that. He didn't even know it, of course. And he took Tom across his knee and gave him the soundest thrashing that somewhat spoiled young man had ever received! He didn't deserve that thrashing, but it probably didn't hurt Tom a bit! If he got one licking he didn't deserve, he had escaped a good many that he did merit, if he was like the majority of boys.

Tom, in some way, understood that. He took his thrashing like a little man,

"I'll teach you to go around hitting boys!" stormed the widow

and went away. And nothing might have come of it, because Tom didn't intend to tell his mother. But others did that for him; plenty of people had seen the affair. And the Widow Brown came rushing from the house, seized Tom by the wrist, and took him with her to the cobbler's shop. Old Grimes had just boarded up the broken pane of glass, and he was muttering with rage.

"What do you mean by beating my boy?" she demanded, furiously "He didn't break your glass—a dozen people saw who did! And I can beat him myself if he's to be beaten."

"Rascally, no account, good-for-nothing boy—that's what he is!" said old Grimes. "Deserved a lickin', anyhow, even if he didn't do it this time—"

They had it out hot and heavy until the cobbler retreated into his shop and slammed the door. For a moment it seemed that the widow was baffled. But after she got home she remembered something. And back to the cobbler's shop she went, with Tom.

"I want the shoes I gave you to repair this morning," she said. "I'll take them somewhere else. And you'll get no more of my trade, and precious little from any one else around here, I can tell you, if I've got any influence!"

He did not answer. Sullenly, with trembling fingers, he began to wrap up her shoes.

"I'll teach you to go around hitting boys!" stormed the widow.

But she stormed because there was something pathetic about the man. She was afraid that if she did not storm at him her heart would be softened, and that she would forgive him, despite herself. And so she was glad when she got the package from him, and got away from the shop.

She spent the rest of the day telling every one what had happened, and got all the sympathy she craved. But, even so, when she lay in bed that night, she began to be sorry for him again. He had had his lesson; perhaps she might take the shoes back and let him finish them, after all!

After breakfast the next morning she had made up her mind to do that. She was not the sort to nurse her anger; not the Widow Brown! And she took the shoes. But first she looked at them. And then a new gust of anger swept her. Only one shoe belonged to her; the cobbler had given her two shoes for her right foot!

"He did that on purpose, just to make me take an extra trip!" she stormed. "I'm going to give him a piece of my mind! Come, Tom! Then, when we've got the other shoe, I'll send you to town wth them!"

The door of the shop was open when they arrived. But the shop was empty. And then, through the door of the back room, there came the sound of a groan. The widow h sitated; then, with a gesture of determination, she pushed open the door and went in.

Old Grimes, fully dressed, lay on the outside of his bed, doubled over in pain. The groan came from him. With a cry of sympathy the widow dropped the shoes and ran over to him. What she saw frightened her.

"Tom!" she called, "run for Dr. Green! Tell him I'll pay him. Hurry!"

Even before the doctor came she was putting things to rights. But she gave up in despair. This was a room, she saw, that could never be put to rights properly!

"He's going to be pretty sick, isn't he, doctor?" she asked.

"Pretty sick—yes," said the doctor, cheerfully. "But I think I can stave off pneumonia, and he'll pull through all right."

"Can he be moved to my house?"

"Why—yes, I suppose so. It would be better, too. This is no sort of a sick room—"

It was done, too, while the neighborhood marveled. And it had still more to marvel at. For the widow, while he was sick and helpless, got his story out of old Grimes, and the tears she shed while she listened were like balm to his lonely soul. His whole nature seemed to change while he was getting well. And when he was quite well he didn't go back to his terrible room behind the shop. He stayed with the Widow Brown. Only—she wasn't a widow any more, and her name wasn't Brown!

A Night of Thrills

(Rex Film)

Scenario by Ida May Park *Produced by Joseph de Grasse*

By ROBERT CARLTON BROWN

Pauline Bush
Rex Co.

"YES, dearest, I will love you forever," vowed Hazel, resting in Jack's strong embrace and feeling the security of faith in him.

"And you'll never doubt me again? You'll never listen to that gossiping old aunt of yours?" queried Jack, pressing her warm finger tips.

"Oh, Jack. I'm so sorry. I do understand you. But Aunt Clementine is such a Puritan and you do smoke too much."

"Yes, and sometimes I take a drink," smiled Jack.

"You know I don't care about that. Uncle Howard's wine-cellar has converted me to a belief in good wine," and she pressed his hands tight together. "Oh, wasn't it just too splendid for the old dear to leave us his house and his treasure, his old pictures and wine."

"You can have the pictures," laughed Jack. "I know what part of that wonderful wedding present interests me most." He reached into his pocket and brought out a key which he held before Hazel's eyes. "Remember, your Uncle Howard believed in equal rights for men and women. I have my key to the house as well as you have and if I get into the wine-cellar by mistake sometimes you can't blame me."

"Oh," sighed Hazel, "won't it be just too wonderful after we are really married to live in Uncle Howard's old house and give nice little happy parties to all our old and new friends. I just can't wait."

"It's only three days, dearest," smiled Jack. "And the honeymoon will be at Uncle Howard's, won't it?"

"I can't think of a more romantic spot. 'Way up there in the glorious hills, alone, with no one to bother us, except Uncle Howard's old butler and housekeeper."

"They won't trouble us, either," said Jack. "I never saw more considerate servants."

"Have you written to them to return and open up the house for our coming?" asked Hazel.

"No. I'll do that to-morrow."

They parted a little later and Hazel went happily to her room to try on her wedding gown. Her maid had dressed her faultlessly, even to the orange blossoms in her hair, and had thrown a gorgeous string of pearls about her neck, when the door of the dressing-room opened and Aunt Clementine slipped in.

"How beautiful you look, Hazel!" she exclaimed. Then her sentimental old eyes filled with tears and she continued, "But what a shame! Jack is not the man for you. A beautiful woman must not waste herself on such a man."

"What do you mean?" cried Hazel.

"You haven't heard?" queried the anxious old aunt.

"No. What is it?"

"Jack has been keeping up his acquaintance with that actress all the time. He was seen with her at a very gay place just to-day for luncheon."

"Aunt Clementine!" cried Hazel. "It can't be true. Jack would not lie to me. He couldn't."

The experienced old aunt laughed harshly. "You don't know men, my dear," she said. "Jack is no different from the rest. He makes you trust him and then betrays that trust. You will never be happy married to him."

"Then I won't be!" cried Hazel, flinging away the orange blossoms and changing her wedding dress for a décolleté evening gown, for Jack would be back to

"Aunt Clementine!" cried Hazel. "It can't be true"

dinner, and she would tell him that the wedding could never take place. He had promised her that all the acquaintances of his past should be dead the moment she accepted him, and now that he had her promise, he had broken his.

Moody and disgusted with life, Hazel went downstairs later and joined the invited guests.

Jack, looking splendidly in evening clothes, hurried up and sought to kiss her hand, but Hazel withdrew it sharply and, mastering her emotion, said, "I heard about your luncheon engagement, Jack. Is it true?"

"That I had luncheon with Dorace Dean?" asked Jack breathlessly.

"Yes. Did you?"

"I did!"

Color mounted high in Hazel's cheeks. "Then please go away!" she cried. "I never want to see you again after this. You know you promised me you would have nothing to do with your old life and friends."

know the truth, but all Hazel would tell him was that Jack had disappointed her, deceived her, and that she never wanted to see him again.

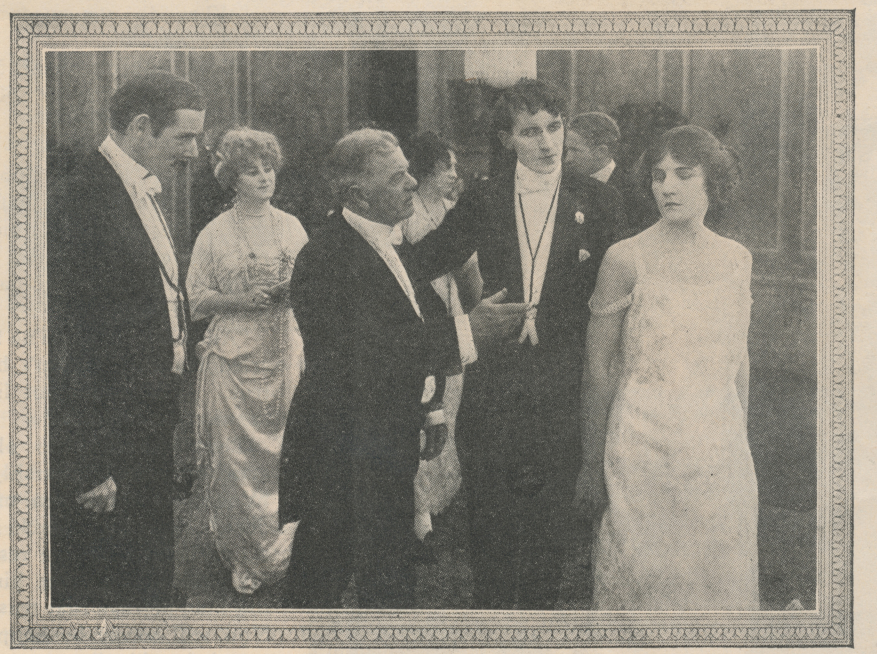
"But you can't mean that you're going to call the wedding off and everything!" exclaimed her father. "You know we have made extensive preparations and people will wonder and talk."

"Let them!" cried Hazel.

"But please come down and show yourself. Every one is so worried about you," he requested.

Hazel consented to go downstairs with him, but when her father adroitly led Jack up to her and tried to patch up the quarrel, she refused to listen to him, turning away and going to her room.

As she lay on her bed, sobbing wretchedly, the thought came to her that her friends would bother her with questions during the following weeks and that she had better seek some refuge where she could be alone until the



She refused to listen, turning away and going to her room

"But, Hazel. It was very innocent. Let me explain. Please!"

She turned from him and hurried to her room, locking herself in and weeping. Later her father came to the door and she admitted him. He asked to

curiosity of people had passed. But where could she go?

Suddenly she caught sight of the key to the mansion her Uncle Howard had given Jack and her as a wedding present. The key gave her an idea.

"I'll go up into the hills and stay alone until it is all over," she exclaimed, rising at once and rapidly changing her evening clothes for a very attractive traveling suit.

Looking at her watch she found that it was early enough for her to leave that night. She ordered the maid to dress and pack up a few necessities and, without saying good-by to her family, she called her chauffeur and drove off to the great house in the hills, the house Uncle Howard had given the young couple on his deathbed, thinking certainly that their marriage was only a matter of weeks.

As they rode through the mysterious, romantic night Hazel talked to her maid, feeling the need of company.

"I wonder if the housekeeper will be there to let us in?" she asked.

"No," answered the maid. "You were to let her know when you decided to go there. After the death of Mr. Wild she needed a vacation."

"Naturally," said Hazel. "But everything will be all right, I'm sure. You can put a room in order for me and you can use the housekeeper's, while Henry can sleep in the butler's quarters in the barn."

"Yes," replied the maid. "But won't you be a little afraid alone in that big house?" She motioned toward the chauffeur. "Hadn't Henry better sleep downstairs so if there are burglars or anything?"

"Burglars!" laughed Hazel. "I should rather like to see a burglar, Annie. It would be such fun."

"It might not be. I'm a little afraid of them," admitted the maid.

When at last they rolled through the spacious drives up to the front door of the mansion Annie's fears had doubled. She got out timidly and took the key from her mistress' hand, turning it over to Henry, who unlocked the door and lighted the gas in the hall.

"Shall I go through the house and see if everything is all right?" he asked Hazel.

"No, thank you. We will be all right," she replied, lighting a candle and leading the way upstairs.

Half an hour later Annie had made two rooms comfortable for her mistress and, being tired, had gone up to bed on the third floor, a little timidly.

Hazel sat before a comfortable grate

fire alone, thinking of Jack and all the stories she had heard about him. She wished that she had not acted so hastily, perhaps it would have been better if she had allowed him to explain; but it was too late for her to repent; she would stand by her decision and work out the rest of her life for herself.

As she sat thinking, the subtle warmth of the fire numbed her senses and she dozed off. It was probably an hour later that a sharp sound from downstairs awakened her.

She sat up startled, rubbing her eyes.

"Why, I must have been asleep," she exclaimed aloud.

A second sound came up from below. Certainly there was some one downstairs. Her muscles stiffened with the thought, and fear clutched her throat, but in a moment she was calm. Being alone did not frighten her. She thought for a minute of calling Annie. But the maid's timidity, she felt, might unnerve her; so she stepped alone into the hall, her footfalls deadened by heavy fur bedroom slippers.

At the head of the stairs she stopped and listened. Distinctly, she could hear the sounds of people moving about below. She could not tell just how many people, or exactly where they were, but gradually the sounds became more distant and she finally started cautiously down the stairs.

There was no light anywhere in the house, but she knew her way and slipped easily through the rooms to the kitchen, passing big pieces of furniture resembling ghosts in their coverings of white cloth.

In the kitchen she found the door open to the wine-cellar and looked down to find a glow of light from a dark lantern set on the basement floor.

"Jack's wine," she whispered to herself, knowing that the burglars had located the most precious treasure in the deserted house.

Her mind worked rapidly, trying to think up some way of cornering the thieves and saving the cellarful of rare vintages. Feeling the need of first-hand knowledge of what they were doing, she slipped silently down the stairs and hid behind a curtain.

A curious sight met her gaze. Two tough-looking men in caps, their arms full of bottles, were standing in the middle of the floor, both a little tipsy from sampling the goods they were stealing.

"Mike," breathed one of them, holding out one of Uncle Howard's rarest vintages, "try a little of this an' you won't be thinkin' all them white sheets over the furniture is ghosts."

"All right," the other shivered, putting down his bottles to take a long

"Mike," breathed one of them, "try a little of this"

pull from the precious flask his companion handed him.

"It's good liquor," said the first speaker.

"I never tasted better. If you could pour a drink of that down the throat of a ghost it would sure bring him back to life," agreed Mike.

"Don't be tryin' it, though," cautioned the other, looking about nervously as Hazel made a slight noise.

"This is a spooky old house," continued Mike. "I'm sorry we ever got in. We can't carry all this stuff away."

"I'll carry half of it in me stomach if you'll handle the other half," offered Mike's companion.

"I'll go yez." Mike accepted the challenge, and together they sat down on the floor to the business of opening bottles.

Hazel, horrified at seeing such a waste of good wine, made a sudden decision. She slipped from behind the curtain and went back upstairs, determined to run out to the barn and awaken Henry, who had a revolver and could easily take care of the two tipsy non-professional looters.

But just as Hazel stepped into the dining-room on her way to the front door her heart leaped into her throat. Without any warning she came upon a human form in the dark, collided with it and staggered back, screaming.

An instant later she recovered herself and started to rush past the figure, which had also started back in surprise. She knew the man must be another burglar, and perhaps of a different stripe from the two liquor-loving ones in the old wine-cellar.

But two strong hands reached out and grasped her arms.

"Hazel!"

Her name was uttered by a familiar voice. In an instant she recognized it and caught hold of the man in the dark.

"Jack!" she cried.

"Yes."

"What are you doing here?"

"What are you doing yourself?"

"Why, I came out about two hours ago in my car," answered Hazel. "When did you come?"

"I just stepped in."

"But how did you get in?"

"I have my own key as well as you, dearest," he said, drawing her close in the darkness.

"But—but, Jack," Hazel was all in a flutter. "You know I'm mad at you. There are burglars downstairs. We haven't time for this. Do something, please do something."

In response to her request he kissed her.

"No, no, not that. I mean, we must do something about the burglars. They're drinking up all your wine, Jack dearest." She clung to him hopefully, happy to feel the protection of his strong arm once more, and forgetting the quarrel in his presence.

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"But I must explain to you first about Dorace Dean," said Jack. "That's more important. I know there are burglars downstairs. I thought you were one, at first, until I sniffed that favorite verbena perfume you affect."

"Oh, was that how you knew me?"

"Yes."

"Well, what about Dorace Dean?"

"Why, you see, I was alone, eating lunch, thinking of you, and she happened into the restaurant," explained Jack, "and she came right to my table and sat down to tell me how happy she was that I had won such a beautiful, sweet girl as you. If you had heard our conversation, dearest, you would never doubt me or my love again, I am sure."

"Oh, Jack!" Hazel murmured, allowing him to kiss her again.

A crashing sound from below interrupted the caress.

"Come, Jack. They've bursted another bottle. We must save some of it," said Hazel, quite happy now.

"All right, but just one more kiss."

The last kiss was fatal to the chance of capturing the burglars. During the embrace the two tipsy ones sneaked up the steps and out into the night. When Jack and Hazel, arm in arm, finally went to inspect the wine-cellar they found the bottles where the burglars, frightened by the voices of Jack and Hazel upstairs, had left them.

"The damage isn't above twenty dollars," smiled Jack, picking up the dark lantern the burglars had abandoned, "and this lamp is worth a dollar, so we're not much out."

"Well, we'll divide the expense," said Hazel.

"And let's have a little bottle now to celebrate our reconciliation," said Jack.

"All right," agreed Hazel, and with the bottle and the dark lantern they slipped upstairs to sit together and make plans for the wedding that was to come off at the scheduled time, despite their night of thrills.

The Girl Stage-Driver

(Eclair Film)

By GEORGE W. ROGERS

Edna Payne
Eclair Co.

"WHY, Fred! This is an unexpected pleasure! Whatever brought you up this time of day?"

Sheriff Fred Foster took Ruth's face in both hands and looked straight into her eyes.

"There's something wrong!" gasped the girl. "I can read it in your face! What is it?"

"Ruth, be brave. But, there, dearest, you were always that! How often have I said that Ruth White was the bravest girl in Arizona!"

"Oh, Fred! It isn't father?"

The sheriff inclined his head dumbly.

He and old Bill White's only daughter had been engaged for a year. To Fred the face he still held and now kissed was the dearest thing on earth.

Ruth swayed slightly and turned deathly pale.

"Is it the worst?" she faintly asked.

"Yes, you poor child. There has been a hold-up of the stage. The express box was taken. Two cowboys found your father on the Tombstone trail. He must have put up a stiff fight; his revolver is empty. They are bringing him in. I rode on ahead to break the news to you as best I could."

Ruth's head sank on her lover's breast.

"Dead?" she murmured.

"Yes, dear; but listen! I swear to heaven he shall be avenged!"

But poor Ruth did not hear the oath. She had fainted.

Everybody from Tombstone to Tucson liked old Bill White, and everybody felt much as Sheriff Foster felt about his untimely death.

But it was one thing to talk of vengeance, and another to get it.

Who were the murderers?

In those early days of Arizona, "bad men" were everywhere. Old Bill had been warned over and over again not to make the trip from Ralston to Tombstone alone, as he often did, and now he had met his fate.

Suspicion rested in several quarters as the days went on. Meanwhile Sheriff Fred, having his own ideas, sought a certain gambler known as "Black" Mike Nolan, and a pal of his for whom he had no other name than the "El Paso Kid," but it was principally because the two were suddenly missing. He had no proof, nor did he succeed in finding the pair. Rumor had it they had fled to Mexico, from which country the "Kid" originally came.

Ruth bore up bravely.

She was the child of the stage driver's old age. Her mother died at her birth. Ruth had been devoted to her father, and many was the time she made the ninety-mile trip with him on the old Tombstone stage.

"Of course, you will have to throw up the contract," Fred said to her the day after the funeral. "It would hardly pay you to hire a driver; there is so little business on the route."

"I'm thinking," replied Ruth simply. "As you say, it wouldn't pay to hire, and yet it's the only living I have."

"If we could only get married," said Fred, gloomily.

"Not yet, dear," she replied. "Not till your mother is gone. Your duty is plain."

Too plain to suit the sheriff!

Mrs. Foster was a helpless invalid, who for some reason had conceived an intense dislike for Ruth. But for this the lovers would have married long before.

"And, as I said, I've been thinking,"

continued Ruth. "There is no reason why I shouldn't drive the stage myself. I know all about the care of horses. Every one along the route knows me. I don't believe there is a man between Ralston and Tombstone who would offer me an insult."

"You mustn't think of it!" cried Fred. "Rough characters are crowding into Tombstone every day. Stage driving in our part of Arizona is no business for a woman."

But in spite of her lover's objections Ruth did think of it, and it was not many days before the old Tombstone stage resumed its usual trips.

Of course, everybody was talking about the girl stage-driver.

"She's a brave one, and I should think you'd be proud of her," Bill Twombly, Fred's deputy, remarked to the sheriff. "There isn't one gal in a thousand who'd dare drive stage over that lonely route. Has she no fears of being held up?"

"She's a dead shot and goes heavily armed," answered Fred, adding with a sigh:

"All the same, I wish she wouldn't go at all."

But Ruth continued to go, and as the months wore on and nothing occurred Fred began to think that, after all, she was right, and that a woman was safer on the lonely route than a man would be.

As for Ruth, she had never known what it was to be afraid.

One morning, stopping at Brown's store for the mail and such orders as he had for her—Ruth did his buying in Tombstone—a heavy box was produced.

"Golddust, Ruth," said the storekeeper. "Ten thousand value, I'm told. It came in last night from Gander Creek. Belongs to Bartlett, the storekeeper, up there. You are to deliver it at the assay office in Tombstone. I'll put it in the stage. It is a little too much of a lift for you."

Ruth gave it no thought.

She often carried golddust and there had never been any trouble.

It came that morning, however.

Ruth had scarcely covered the first five miles of her journey when two mounted men dressed in Mexican style came dashing toward her.

To her dismay she recognized Black Mike and the El Paso Kid, whose photographs the sheriff had shown her. "Halt! Hands up, or you are a dead one!"

It was the Kid who said it, but he had not finished his sentence before Ruth fired, for her revolver was beside her on the seat.

In her excitement she made a miss of it.

Both men fired in return, but it was only to awe the girl, and the shots had that effect.

They got the gold and left Ruth tied to the stage

Ruth felt that she could never stand up against them.

"You want to surrender, or we'll do you as we done your daddy," shouted Mike. "We know you've got gold aboard. Throw down that gun, or we shoot to kill!"

It had to be!

They got the gold and left Ruth tied to the stage with her hands above her head.

It was a perilous position in case the horses started, but Ruth was not kept long in danger.

Quickly were heard the sound of rapid hoofbeats behind her, and to her immense relief Fred Foster came dashing up.

"So they got you!" he cried. "I heard the firing. Brown told me about the gold, and I rode after you, for Black Mike and the Kid have appeared in the neighborhood again. Is this their work?"

"Oh, Fred! Yes, it is! I am so ashamed," she replied. "I didn't put up the fight I should. Fred, they killed father. They owned to it. Remember your promise that dreadful day."

"Yes, and it shall be fulfilled if I die for it," cried the sheriff, as he cut her free. "Drive back to Ralston for all you are worth. Get Bill Twombly and my other deputy. Tell them I've been tipped off to their hang-out. It's the old Tucker camp under the cliff. They know, or ought to. Don't lose an instant, Ruth. I am off on the trail."

Sheriff Fred was as brave a fellow as could have been found in Arizona. He felt no fear of tackling the two desperadoes alone if he could only get his chance, but he did want to take them alive.

His tip had been a straight one, and within the hour he found himself looking around the corner of certain rocks at a man who lay sprawling on the ground, smoking a cigarette.

"Black Mike, all right," he muttered. "Alone, too. I can't see their horses nor the gold."

Then he went forward and cried:

"Hands up! Mike, you're my prisoner! Throw down your gun!"

It came as a surprise.

Inside of a few seconds Fred had the bandit's revolver and had slipped the bracelets on.

"What's it for?" growled Mike.

"As though you didn't know! Where's the Kid?"

"Hain't seen him in six months."

"Liar! You two just held up Ruth White. I've seen her. Where's the Kid, I say?"

"Here!" was shouted behind him, and down went Fred, unconscious, felled by a heavy club wielded by the Kid.

The Kid thrust his face close to Black Mike's

"Gee whiz! So he got you himself, did he?" snarled the bandit. "I came back just in time."

"Get the key from his pocket. Put these irons on him!" cried Mike. "Did you stow away the gold like I told you?"

"Yes. Under the floor."

"Right. We want to get up there now. Probably he has sent for his deputies. We must lie low till the chase is over, and there is no better place than the hut."

Great was the excitement when Ruth drove into Ralston and reported the hold-up.

Not two deputies, but four, rode back with her, Ruth taking to the saddle herself on a broncho borrowed of Brown.

No time was lost in making for the old Tucker camp. As they neared it they saw the sheriff's horse wandering about.

"If anything has happened to Fred, I don't want to live," thought Ruth, filled with a thousand fears.

"Looks bad," admitted Bill Twombly. "I'm afraid they've got him. He hadn't orter tackled them alone."

The camp was deserted, but Fred's hat lay on the ground and there was blood on the inside of it.

"We want to trail up the canyon," Twombly declared. "Miss Ruth, you go on home. This hain't no work for you."

They were so insistent that she pretended to yield, but after they were out of sight the brave girl rode up the canyon herself with all caution.

She feared for Fred, and with reason.

The blow on the head had been a severe one. Consciousness soon returned, but the sheriff's mind was not clear. Fred was wandering aimlessly about wondering who he was and where he wanted to go with his hands locked in his own handcuffs. What had happened he could not even remember until an hour later he came upon a certain mining camp, where he was acquainted, when it all came back to him with a rush.

"Why, howdy, sheriff!" cried Ed Lang, one of the miners. "You're as pale as a ghost. What happened you? Who put them bracelets on to you, for heaven's sake?"

"Listen! I've made a fool of myself, boys," gasped Fred. "I've been up against Black Mike and the El Paso Kid. I tackled 'em alone and they were too many for me. They held up the girl stage-driver, and got a lot of gold. Help me to trail 'em. I wouldn't go back to Ralston without them for the world. That they murdered old Bill White we now know."

Luckily for Sheriff Fred, he had fallen among friends, and escaped being permanently deprived of his reason.

Meanwhile the deputies were having no luck, but with Ruth it was different.

At a certain point the canyon divided. Bill Twombly's bunch went to the left, but Ruth chose the right, and had not gone far when she saw ahead of her a sort of basin in which stood a hut. There were two horses hobbled near.

"They are here," thought Ruth, recognizing the animals. "If Fred is with them, he may need my help."

She slipped from the saddle, and making her horse fast, stole toward the hut, and creeping up alongside a window peered in.

There they were, playing poker.

"My pot," chuckled the Kid. "That gives me half of your half of the gold under the floor, Mike. Now, I'll play you for the other half—all."

"You won't, then," snarled Mike, drawing a revolver. "You cheated, and you know it!"

The Kid thrust his face close to Black Mike's.

"I dare you!" he hissed. He snatched the revolver, and flinging it into a corner threw himself upon the other with a fury which made Ruth catch her breath.

It was a hand-to-hand struggle then. The table went over, Mike was dragged to the door. The next moment they were fighting furiously outside.

Now Ruth saw her chance.

She had armed herself with two revolvers, and she drew both. Close to

the hut was an old prospect hole. They were right upon it as she sprang into view.

"Jump into that hole, or you're dead men!" she cried, as she covered them. "Obey instantly."

They did it. There was nothing else to do.

Ruth thought of the gold under the floor, but she did not dare to move.

And now a clatter of hoofs was heard and Bill Twombly and the deputies came dashing up, for they had changed their minds, turned back and taken the right-hand trail.

"What! You here!" cried Bill. "I thought I told you to go home!"

"I've got them!" exclaimed Ruth. "They are down in that prospect hole and the gold is in the hut under the floor."

All hands dismounted and advanced upon the hole.

"Are they armed?" asked Bill.

"Don't know," replied Ruth.

"Hello, down there!" shouted Bill.

No answer. When he ventured to look over the edge there was no one to be seen in the hole.

"That's the time we lose 'em," said old man Luce, one of the deputies. "I know this here place. There's a tunnel leading out of that hole into a cave which runs for miles. We shall need torches if we are going to follow up the trail."

"Let's get the gold first, and send it back by Ruth," said Bill. "That's the only way to make the gal go home."

Ruth was willing. She had given up all hope of finding Fred. That he had been killed and his body disposed of she was sure.

The gold was found under the floor intact. They tied the box upon Ruth's broncho, and the brave girl started away with the heaviest heart she had known since the day her father met his fate.

Meanwhile the deputies passed through the tunnel, but they could find no trail in the cave, so they gave it up and started back for Ralston, dispirited over their failure.

"I'm afraid it's all up with the sheriff," sighed Twombly. "Too blame bad. A better man than Fred Foster never lived."

"I'll tell you what," said old man Luce. "I know a short cut over Bear Mountain and there's a way of getting to it from the cave. Let's take it. We may head 'em off so."

Ruth pressed forward with no great speed. She was passing the mouth of an arroyo, thinking of Fred, when suddenly the unfortunate girl found herself in trouble again, for out of the arroyo darted Black Mike and the Kid.

It was "hands up" for Mike and the Kid

The Kid had her covered before she could make a move in self-defense.

"By heavens, this is the time we get our revenge, sis!" he cried. "Throw down them guns of yourn. Get off that hoss. You don't escape us this time, that's sure."

"What became of the sheriff?" demanded Ruth, as she proceeded to obey.

"Oh, I settled his hash," growled the Kid. "I gave him a crack over the nut which likely proved his finish. Here, Mike, we'll tie her up and carry her up the arroyo."

In vain Ruth pleaded with them. She feared the worst, and struggled desperately as she pleaded.

They tied her hands behind her and hurried her back into the arroyo where she was thrown roughly down.

"We'll divide up the gold now," declared Mike. "Then we'll chuck dice to see which gets the gal."

"Hark!" cried the Kid. "Horses coming up the hill on the other side."

"Say, and more coming up the arroyo!" gasped Mike. "We are pursued!"

Before they could think twice, Fred Foster and his mining friends were upon them, while Bill Twombly and his deputies came charging up the arroyo to lend their aid.

It was "hands up" for Mike and the Kid, while Fred bent over Ruth, believing her dead. In the excitement of it all she had fainted.

But it was only a matter of seconds before Fred had her sobbing on his breast.

"No more stage driving, little girl," he said. "I just won't hear to it."

"Anyhow, I saved the gold," she cried. "As for the rest, I don't care for anything so long as I have you."

She got him a month later, when Mrs. Foster died.

Meanwhile Fred had his way, and the stage was turned over to old man Luce.

As for Black Mike and the Kid, they went to the penitentiary.

Both denied the murder of the stage driver, and there was no way of proving it their work.

Over in Old Ireland

Mike and his friend Pat were returning after an unsuccessful day's search for work, when Mike exclaimed: "Pat, lits sail fer America, where we kin git work a-plenty." "Nivver," replied Pat. "I would sooner stharve here on th' ould sod thin to go to that counthry, afther what I seen in wan of their Movin' Pi'tures th' other evinin'." "And what wuz it ye seen, Pat?" asked Mike. "Why," replied Pat, "I seen a Dootch cop arristin' an Irishman!"

Miriam Nesbitt

Leading Lady with the Edison Company

I HAD decided to my own satisfaction, from viewing Miriam Nesbitt on the screen, that she had come to us from across the Atlantic. So, when she met me at the studio door and led me to her dressing-room and there I found tea in preparation, I immediately said: "Oh, I was right! You are English, aren't you?"

The tea, somehow, seemed just one more argument in favor of my assumption, which was founded on Miss Nesbitt's height (5 feet, 7½ inches), her dignified yet easy carriage, her regular, rather serious features, and her gray-green eyes.

"No, I'm American," replied Miss Nesbitt. "Many people seem to think I have English features and, for that matter, it is quite natural that I should have, for my mother is an Englishwoman. My father was a Norwegian, a naturalized American, and I was born and brought up in Chicago. I assure you I am thoroughly American, although I have visited England several times, and like it and the people immensely."

"Did you go over on professional visits?"

"Not the first time. It was a curious experience. I really went over for recreation after a long and profitable season. I had had several seasons of good engagements with such people as William H. Crane, James K. Hackett, Ada Rehan and Henry Dixey. After each of these seasons I had invested my savings, and always unfortunately. But after this tour I made up my mind I would get some pleasure out of my money, so I sailed for England. I had a friend there—a singer—and soon after my arrival she persuaded me to accompany her to a theatrical agency, where she was to apply for an engagement. The agent engaged me, too.

"So, instead of resting, I worked for six weeks, but I enjoyed every moment of it, and it was through this chance engagement, really thrust upon me, that I afterward met Mrs. Barrie, the wife of the playwright, and was given a part in 'Peter Pan,' in which I played in England the whole season. When it closed I was able to take the trip that I had had in mind when I first went over to England—that was, a partial tour of the continent. With two girl friends I went through Belgium, Holland, Germany, Austria, down to the Italian Riviera. We had a glorious time, and I got back to New York with just twenty cents in my pocket.

"I will never forget how shocked my mother was, but with my usual optimism I told her I would soon have a good engagement, and so I did, signing almost immediately with Henrietta Crossman. That was my last regular

Miriam Nesbitt

engagement before going into the pictures."

"As you were so successful on the stage, what induced you to leave it for the studio?"

"It was the everlasting question of going on the road. When I went to look for an engagement I stipulated that I should play only in New York. No manager could guarantee that, so I held back.

"Some one suggested the pictures to me, and the idea immediately caught my fancy. I wrote to several of the companies, and received replies telling me to call. I went to the Edison studio first, and was put into a scene as an extra almost immediately. As good fortune would have it, I was so placed before the camera that I took a very good picture. This was noticed when the picture was shown, and I was asked if I thought I could play a lead.

"Naturally, having played leads on the stage for years, I replied without any hesitation that I certainly could. If I had known then what I do now about the difficulties encountered in playing before the camera, I shouldn't have been so quick in my answer. That was five years ago, and after constant work and careful study, I feel that I still have a lot to learn."

"Have you been called on to do any hazardous feats in those five years?"

"I have, indeed," she answered emphatically. "During the production of 'Flood Tide' we were enacting some of the scenes on the Welsh coast, which, as you know, is very rugged. I had to go down over the cliff on a rope to a little cove to rescue Mr. McDermott, who was supposed to be injured. I had a time getting down, even with the help of the coast guards, but when it came to returning by way of the rope to the top of the cliff, I simply couldn't do it. I hadn't the strength to hold on that rope and climb up. The men tried in every way to help me, but it was no use. At last one of them thought of suspending a box on the rope for me to stand in. When this was arranged I managed, after some time, to make the ascent. It is an experience I will never forget. The top of that cliff seemed miles above me, and below the waves were dashing against the rocks with a deafening roar."

We then left the "movie" topic and talked of things in general while we sipped our tea. And I came away with the impression of a delightful, unaffected personality—of a woman who reads and thinks and is going to do greater things than she has already done. She has written stories and scenarios; and there may be a book some day that will be eagerly read, for (this in confidence!) Miriam Nesbitt has kept a diary since she was nine years old.

SCENARIO HINTS

The Value of Simplicity

By a Scenario Editor

IT is not always the most elaborate Photoplays that win popular favor. There have been productions costing thousands of dollars with huge masses of performers and extensive settings that have not had the appeal, nor success, proportionately, of Photoplays with fewer in the cast and modest scenery.

Costly spectacular productions and hair-raising melodramas have their place. In such a world as ours tastes will vary from the coarsest to the most elevated. Manufacturers, in catering to the sensation-loving, often overlook the fact that there are those who like something different. There have been Photoplay masterpieces with a story woven about a single character, with a small supporting company, that have outranked and outlived many of the more pretentious pictures.

Such was Griffith's "Pippa Passes." This will never die, or be shelved, for it has a lasting value. Like old wine, old songs and old friends, such pictures have an inherent charm that makes them ever new, ever young and always appreciated.

The story of "Pippa" is that of Browning's beautiful poem. It tells the story of a bright-hearted girl who goes abroad singing cheerfully, hopefully. She revives the despondent; renews courage in the faint-hearted; uplifts the fallen and brings God's message to the joyless. All that come within her happy influence are regenerated.

Another beautiful Photoplay—the memory of which lingers like the perfume from a rose-jar, was a simple story of two youthful lovers who, as children, met for the first time in an old garden amid the harmony of color and the intoxication of sweet-scented flowers. Parted by an adverse fate, the memory of the garden and of their happy childhood goes with them all through life until. in the "sere and yellow leaf" of earth's pilgrimage they wander back to the old garden for a restful hour and to renew their youth for a brief space ere taking up again the burden of existence.

But fate has willed that the weary way shall end there; very naturally they meet once more—the years fall away, and they are as children again and lovers. Sobered by the realities of life—mellowed by sorrow—the faithful flowers remind them that hope is not dead, and hand in hand they go down the rose-bordered path to happiness.

There are many such gems among the numerous pictures that have been produced in recent years. They are the conceptions of poet-writers and of artist-directors working in harmony. They will be treasured, appreciated, and take on new life long after more ambitious productions are moulding on the shelves.

Life is not a continual din nor riot; there are minor melodies that possess charm and a haunting appeal. Life is not always done in high lights nor dense shadows—there are half-tones that outvie the most glaring colors of the palette. It is the half-tone picture that will oftentimes prove more restful and pleasing than the more gaudy efforts and linger longer in the memory of the spectator.

Writers who are capable of putting a soul into a picture can very often get better results with a simple story and but few characters than others who strive and strain after sensational effects. There are companies and stage directors also who can appreciate the beautiful if wrought in a simple story with heart-interest and a soul reflected. Such Photoplays are many times a relief not alone to the spectator, but to the stage director.

There are many simple themes which the writer may find if he will seek them. One well-known photoplaywright, in the beginning of her scenario writing, sought everywhere for a suggestion for a story. In the quiet of her study, in the fields and by the seaside, she vainly looked for an inspiring idea. Giving up the quest, she was on her way homeward when a friend recounted the sorrows and trials of a widowed mother whose boy was at college.

The mother had stinted and denied herself that her only son might have an education. But the boy, instead of appreciating all that his mother was doing for him and preparing to fit himself to repay her, got into wild ways and rioted witn boon companions among his fellow-students.

Finally the poor old mother received an urgent letter asking for a large sum of money to defray the cost of a serious illness. Her last treasures were sold to meet the demand. Taking the money herself, she was overcame to find that it was not wanted for sickness, but to finance a dinner given in the son's rooms to wild companions.

She arrived in the midst of a drunken orgy to find her heartless boy dancing with a gay soubrette and urged on by hilarious students. Dumfounded—overcome with grief—she left the money on the table and turned away, a broken-hearted woman. But the sight of his mother's grief—the knowledge of her great sacrifice—had a sobering effect.

Dismissing the revelers he hurried after his mother and, brought to a realization of his misspent opportunities, he convinced her that it was the end; that he would begin a new life and yet reward her for all her love and devotion, and the story finishes with the boy in a career—a blessing to his proud mother.

Here was a true story—a page from humble life—a theme worthy of the best; and the writer realized that she had found that for which she had vainly sought everywhere. The result—a Photoplay written from the heart—with facts at first hand; and the further gratifying result—immediate acceptance from a well-known company and a generous check.

We do not have to seek afar for material for Photoplays—it is all about us. The writer "to the manner born" should be able to find material for stories without difficulty. All that is writen for book, play or screen comes from real life. The truer it is, the more realistic it is.

The great writers, the great painters and dramatists knew this, and we see the evidence in their lasting work. If every street and house and room could speak the story-teller would never lack for material. This, then, is the mission of the writer—to be able to sense the stories that lurk everywhere and reclothe them in his own fashion.

Dickens did not have to seek for stories—they sought him. He tells us

(Continued on page 29)

SPECIAL ARTICLES

Why Misrepresent Nationalities in Films?

By ERNEST A. DENCH

EVERY now and then a film company will produce a Photoplay showing up some nationality in a ridiculous light—ridiculous because it does not give a genuine conception of the nationality of the character.

These totally erroneous ideas are used frequently intentionally with the purpose of extracting humor. They may succeed in their purpose as far as the producer's countrymen are concerned, but the offenders in question do not apparently bear in mind the international aspect of the "movies," which merits being respected.

So far, we have been able to keep the screen free from political and religious controversies, yet by dragging in these false ideas of national traits the directors are defeating the purpose of the photodrama.

For another thing, the fact that the Moving Picture has achieved its enormous success by giving snatches of life from we ordinary beings must not be lost sight of.

To select a totally erroneous type as an average is nothing else but a libel on a nationality, and although I am not in favor of a too strict censorship, I am of the opinion that censor boards of the various countries would not exceed their powers were they to ban films that, by reason of the nationality being burlesqued untruthfully, would prove objectionable to the audiences they censor for.

At any rate, it would prove an object lesson to the offending directors, who would speedily discontinue their bad practise.

The blame in the first place may be laid at the author's door. He may convey a false idea of a nationality through ignorance, or else he is hard up for mirth material, and finds overdoing national traits the easiest way out of the difficulty. But the director should act as his own censor, and thus put a stop to the evil. He is the one who has the final say in matters like these, and can easily utilize his authority, but even then he may be as ignorant of the facts as the creator of the offending play.

According to the burlesque idea, the average Englishman wears a monocle, is full of conceit, and is therefore an easy target for the alert Yankee.

Furthermore, he is supposed to be too thick-skinned to appreciate a joke, and all are aristocrats. This is essentially the "stage" type of an Englishman, but it is a pity that the younger art should have adopted so artificial a character.

If one of our producers were to study the Englishman as much as he does hi scenery when on a pilgrimage he would return via "the pond" knowing the average Englishman to be nearly as enterprising and energetic as his own countrymen are, and that the high-brows are not so bad as they are painted.

When a Keystone comedy can make a fashionable audience in the West End of London roar with laughter, I think no further proof is needed to show that our English cousins have the humorous instinct.

Yet we may base the claim on the fact that a broad American comedy is received coldly. This is natural, because it is not understandable in Europe, as each nation has its own ideas of what constitutes humor.

One would think, to judge by the films, that every Jew was a modern Shylock. Come to that, practically every nation has the money-making instinct, and the Gentiles no more than any others.

There are money-grabbing Jews, just as much as there are people in the other countries with the same trait. The only difference, through our eyes, is that they do their financial matters in a different way.

The French and other nations of warmer climes have also been over-exaggerated. Duels are fought over mere trifles and titled personages like counts seem to be always running after our heiresses, all of which is not true to life.

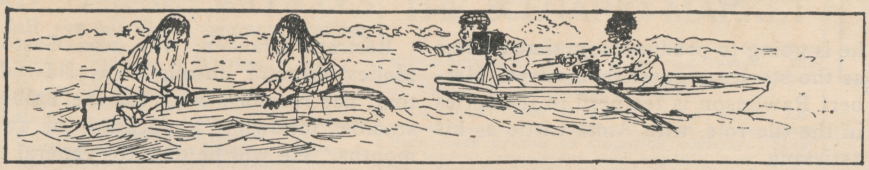
The passionate side of these warm-blooded folk is grossly misrepresented by many directors outside of the countries from which the characters are supposed to hail from.

The strange thing is that we in the United States have rarely been brought to ridicule. It cannot be said that the producer's foreign brothers have desired to retaliate.

Now, national traits afford unlimited scope for legitimate dramatic material, providing it is not abused.

As I write, Vitagraph's "Love's Sunset" comes to my mind. In this heart-interest drama, the coldness of the Englishman was very admirably contrasted with the warm-heartedness of the French.

We want more examples of this kind to insure being true to life; the director should consult an actor of the country he seeks to represent. This will enable the director to be correct. If he is a wise man he will have the actor interpret the part correctly. If the player is a typical countryman he cannot fail to look what he really is. Thus the silent drama will be placed on even a higher plane.



JINGLES AND JESTS

Sonny's Christmas Gifts

By Aletha Pearl McPherson

He received a ball and a fine new bat;
His grandfather sent him a winter hat;
A steam engine came from his Uncle Joe;
Of handkerchiefs there were a dozen or so.

A football of leather from Sister Mame;
Aunt sent him a picture in golden frame;
His grandmother knit him some mittens warm,
To wear when out playing in rain and storm.

But father and mother knew just the thing,
To make Sonny's voice with glad rapture ring;
So they gave him a box full of nickels bright,
To spend at the Movies for many a night.

The Spirit of the Age

Old Father Time puts on his specs,
And o'er his record glances;
The youths of old, he recollects,
Proposed between the dances.

But that, you see, was long ago,
Dame Custom never dozes;
Between reels at the Picture Show
The modern youth proposes.

—M. E. Stanton.

His Vote

My dad he votes Republican,
But Jim's a Democrat,
Uncle's a Progressive man,
Sam don't know where he's at;
But I know where my vote will go,
And go there every time,
It's me for the Moving Picture Show
Whene'er I have a dime.

—Luke Sharp.

Where It Was Cool

Fussy Old Lady to Usher—I want the coolest seat in the house.

Usher—All right, follow me to Z row.

Willie Hoped it Would Work

Mother—Willie, what is your greatest ambition?

Willie—To be kind to my parents and take them to the Picture Show every night.

Too Great a Strain

"And what," asked the visitor at the insane asylum, "was the cause of this man's derangement?"

"He tried," answered the attendant, "to follow the story in a Moving Picture Serial."

Can You Blame Him?

"Absent-minded, is he?"

"Well, I should say so! Why, he is the kind of man who would start for a visit with his wife's relations and end in a Moving Picture show!"

"I don't call that absent-mindedness. On the contrary, I call it good commonsense."

Forget It

"Don't talk war, talk business."

"All right. How is business with you?"

"Oh, rotten. You see, this war knocked my business higher'n a kite."

"Well, who do you suppose was responsible for the war—England or Germany?"

"I dunno, but—oh, don't talk war—talk business."

"I know; but, you see, the war knocked business—"

"Forget it. Come down to the movie show a while and think of something else."

They go down to the Moving Picture show, and the second reel on is some war pictures.

ITEMS OF INTEREST

While working in a Western two-reeler Henry Stanley barely escaped serious injury at the Tucson Studios. The scene called for the Eclair artist to be pursued by several horsemen and everything went well until Stanley's horse stumbled and fell. His pursuers, being too close to turn around, rode right over him. After an agonizing suspense, the dust cleared away and the directors and players were startled and relieved to hear him call out "I am not hurt." Thanks to a cool-headed camera man, who continued to grind away through the thrilling incident, a scene was secured which money could not buy for realism and effect.

Tom Mix, cowboy actor, scenario writer and producer of the Selig combination, takes daredevil chances to do the real thing. Only recently the scenario demanded that Mix be shot off his horse. One of his associates, Ed Jones, is a dead-shot. Tom procured a sandpad to fit over his chest. The bullet was to hit his watch over this pad, knocking him off the horse. While galloping like fury the dead-shot artist fired and hit Tom right over the heart, and the shock of the blow actually made him fall out of the saddle. Another of his stunts was to allow Jones to shoot a small tin can out of his hand as he was raising it to take a drink.

What is at once a distinct innovation in picture making and at the same time illustrative of the vast care and preparation made for the staging of George Kleine's big feature, "Du Barry," are the unique and expensive water-color sketches made for each interior. These were painted by an Italian artist at considerable cost, and rigidly followed by scenic artists and stage carpenters. The result is an absolutely new kind of Moving Picture interior that is sure to cause considerable discussion in the trade. The color tones used in marble stairways, tapestries and furniture were selected to conform to the limitations of the Moving Picture camera. The result is a photographic masterpiece and a curious illusion of color values in all interior scenes. "Du Barry" features Mrs. Leslie Carter in the title rôle.

Newsy Gleanings from the Movie Field

Al E. Christie, of the Nestor Company, has returned from his three weeks' trip East and is busy at work with his company of laughmakers. "How Doctor Cupid Won" is the title of the first of his pictures to be produced since his return.

Edith Storey, the heroine, as a reincarnated mermaid, in "The Island of Regeneration," made a daring swim in the Vitagraph lake. She was obliged to plunge into the icy water, penetrate a submerged cave and reappear after making an exploration of its different chambers. She remained under the water for more than a minute.

The Turner Special Feature Company, under the direction of Otis Turner, is working on the second of the "Sanford Quest, Criminologist," a series written by Mr. Turner and which he is going to produce from time to time as the stories suggest themselves. Herbert Rawlinson is featured in the series in the tile rôle, with Anna Little as his assistant.

Cissy Fitz-Gerald, of the Vitagraph Players, has at last yielded to the importunities of the insurance agent and taken out a $20,000 policy for the protection against accident to her famous wink. Miss Fitz-Gerald has been dodging insurance solicitors for a number of years; in fact, ever since her emphatic hit in the musical comedy, "The Foundling," some fifteen years ago, when she was noted as the first comedienne to be paid the then enormous salary of $1,000 a week. The recently insured wink, which is famous all over the world, netted Miss Fitz-Gerald a fortune, which unfortunate speculation has somewhat reduced.

Bertram Bracken, who was Gaston Melies' director during his world-wide tour, has resumed work for the Balboa studios, following a vacation of two months. He will be director-general of the six companies of players being organized to produce feature dramas at the Balboa plant.

Helen Wright, who during her work with the Universal Company has been playing characters with the Turner Special Feature Company, has made an entrance into comedy as the mother-in-law in Allen Curtis' comedy, "He Fell in Love With His Mother-in-Law."

Director McRae and his company of talented players may, it is rumored, make another trip to Honolulu, where a number of thrilling and intensely interesting stories will be produced, if the plans are carried out as expected.

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THE SCENARIO MARKET

The following is a partial list of the film manufacturers, with their addresses, the names of their scenario editors and the kind of Photoplays they will consider:

Universal, 1600 Broadway, New York. Address Scenario Department. All kinds, from high-class drama to slapstick comedy. Must be logical, consistent and contain new plots. The Universal releases the following brands: Crystal, Frontier, Gold Seal, Imp, 101 Bison, Joker, Nestor, Powers, Rex, and Victor.

Eclair Company, 126 W. Forty-sixth St., New York. Address scenario department. Split-reel travesties, single-reel comedies, double-reel modern dramas, three-reel, clean American plays, a punch in each reel.

Mutual, 29 Union Square, New York. Frank E. Woods, Editor. High-class, strong dramas of any length and split-reel burlesque comedies. The Mutual releases the following brands: Reliance, Thanhouser, Majestic, Beauty, Komic, Apollo. Thanhouser Co. dos not buy scenarios.

Inter-Continent Film Co., 110 W. Forty-sixth St., New York. Fred R. Jones, Editor. Feature subjects of from three to nine reels. Must be extra fine.

Ramo, Flushing, New York. Address Scenario Department. Only high-class three- and four-reel dramas.

Solax, Lemoine Ave., Fort Lee, New Jersey. Madam Alice Blache, Editor. Three-, four- and five-reel spectacular and very sensational dramas and melodramas.

Mittenthal Film Company, Inc., 114 W. Thirty-ninth St., New York. Aubrey Mittenthal, Editor. Three-reel feature, high-class melodramas, from 85 to 100 scenes.

Edison, Decatur Ave. and Oliver Pl., New York. Address Scenario Department. Modern dramatic plots, containing familiar incidents. Each one-, two- or three-reel picture must justify its length. Also comedies.

Pathé Frères, 1 Congress St., Jersey City, N. J. George Fitzmaurice, Editor. Only big plays of from three to eight reels, adapted from well-known plays or by well-known scenario writers.

Biograph Company, 796 E. 176th St., New York. Address Scenario Department. Strong dramas and comedies.

Selig, 20 E. Randolph St., Chicago, Ill. Jno. F. Pribyl, Editor. Only multiple-reel plays of highest merit. Scenarios from professionals preferred.

Essanay, 1333 Argyle St., Chicago, Ill. Louella O. Parsons, Editor. Single-reel slapstick and straight comedies.

Lubin, Indiana Ave. and Twentieth St., Philadelphia, Pa. Address Scenario Department. Lawrence McCloskey, Editor. All types of strong comedies and dramas. Single- or multiple-reel. Must be logical, original and well constructed.

Vitagraph, E. Fifteenth St. and Locust Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. Margaret Bertsch, Editor. Strong single-reel comedies and dramas.

Kalem, 236 W. Twenty-third St., New York. Phil Lang, Editor. Powerful dramas only from recognized scenario writers.

Miller Bros., 101 Ranch, Bliss, Okla. Address Moving Picture Department. Strictly Western, mostly three-reel features, using cowboys, Indians, cattle, schooner wagons, soldiers, etc.

Sid Olcott, International Producers, Inc., 15 William St., New York, care of McLaughlin & Stern. Strong virile three-reel plays dealing with outdoor life.

Famous Players Film Co., 213 W. Twenty-sixth St., New York. B. Schulberg, Editor. Only four-reel scenarios of strong modern nature and broad domestic appeal.

Balboa Amusement Producing Co., Long Beach, Cal. Frank M. Wiltermood, Editor. All kinds of good, clean dramas and comedies. Stories of crime, drunkenness, lost memory, kidnapping and degeneracy are not wanted.

American, Santa Barbara, Cal. Address Scenario Department. Social or Western dramatic, comedy or historical subjects.

Euclid Film Co., Toledo, Ohio. Address Editor. One- and two-reel original dramas and comedies.

Scenario Hints

(Continued from page 25)

that his characters were ever whispering to him. In church, on highway and in the quiet of his study, they importuned him to give them life. Other writers with receptive minds have had the same experience. Such writers "find books in running brooks—sermons in stones and good in everything."

So the scenario writer, while attempting the greater things, should not overlook the value of simplicity. It makes for greater power—the ability to take a simple theme and put life and soul into it. It means being of the material, too, for Moving Picture companies realize the value of simple stories well told.

Our next article will be "Hints on Scenarios."

Joseph de Grasse and his company of Rex players are busy on a two-reel drama, "Threads of Fate," written by Tom Forman, and featuring Pauline Bush, Lon Chaney and W. C. Dowlan. Written especially for their handling, the story is one of the sort that is particularly adapted to the work of Mr. de Grasse's company of players.

Walter Edwin, who directs the Mary Fuller-Imp Company, never wore a hat until he came to this country. "In England," tells Mr. Edwin, "I never wore a head-covering, even in the coldest weather. Therefore, when I landed in New York it seemed natural for me to stroll up Broadway minus a hat. But by the time I arrived at Times Square there was such a crowd of roughs following that it became quite apparent that I was not abiding by American custom. The hat I bought that day was the first worn by me for years. What good is a hat, anyway?"

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Harry Pollard, of the American company, has been getting together a complete company for his new feature programme. The first four-reel play has been selected and gives opportunities for some splendid acting by Margarita Fischer and the rest of the cast.

It is announced that with the ending of "The Perils of Pauline," Pathé will release another serial with substantially the same cast, but showing adventures of a different sort. The remarkable success of the "Perils" has been the cause of many requests from the exhibitors for another Pathé serial with the same "punches" that have characterized the serial just ending.

Director Ed J. Le Saint has some big work outlined for the future with his usual Selig Company, of which Stella Razeto is the lead. He is not at liberty to furnish the names of the plays at present, but they are by big authors, and will run into several reels. "The Strange Adventures of the Princess Kahn" is nearing completion, and Le Saint has made a fine feature of it.

NEWS NOTES

"On Christmas Eve," "The Birth of Our Saviour" and "'Twas the Night Before Christmas" are the three films of good cheer the Edison Company will release as forerunners of "Merry Christmas."

Adele Lane has left the Selig Company and has been resting for several weeks. The rest has done her a world of good, and when she starts in again she will doubtless give us some acting which will be worth going a long way to see.

Carlyle Blackwell started something good and something far-reaching when he decided to interest himself in the affairs of the children's hospital in Los Angeles, which is sadly in need of funds. Carlyle believes that the actors and the actresses can help very materially and started a subscription list of $1 each. It is Mr. Blackwell's idea that the players can maintain one or more rooms in the hospital.

Sidney Ayres, whose fame both as a producer and an actor with a number of Eastern and Western companies has made his name one of the most popular with film fans, has come to Hollywood from Santa Barbara to join the forces of the Universal West Coast Players. Releasing under the Powers' brand, Mr. Ayres has already completed the first of his Universal productions, "On Desert Sands," a two-reel story written by himself. Working with Mr. Ayres in leading rôles is Doris Pawn.

The exquisite and costly cloisonné rose jar owned by Louse Huff, "the little darling of Lubinville," has a significance far beyond its beauty and its fragrance. Miss Huff has owned it since childhood, it having been brought to her from China by a relative in the diplomatic service, and the perfume from it comes from flowers contributed by every friend she had ever made. A sure sign of her favor is the request for a rose, or a gardenia, or a violet. Hundreds of film favorites, as well as other celebrities, have added to its sweetness.

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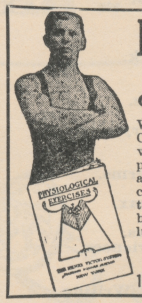

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STUDIO ITEMS

In view of his success as an actor in the silent drama, and as a help to beginners, Jack Warren Kerrigan, at present starring in the "Terence O'Rourke" (Universal) series, is publishing a 150-page book telling the steps by which he has risen from an unknown player to one of the foremost in this country.

Edgar Jones, the Lubin actor-director, hit upon a practical and far-reaching plan by which generous aid could be given the starving Belgians. He personally canvassed hundreds of farmers in his native county in Ohio, and by this means added a carload of foodstuffs to the cargo of the relief ship leaving Philadelphia Thanksgiving Day.

Leah Baird, of the Vitagraph Players, was married on November 28th. After the ceremony she attended the Screen Club ball at the Hotel Astor, where her many friends of the profession had the opportunity of offering their congratulations and making the evening an eventful one as a reception to Miss Baird, as well as a great annual event of the club.

Lillian Walker, of the Vitagraph Players, has more sisters, brothers, cousins, aunts and fathers and mothers than any other Moving Picture artist. Now that the holiday season is at hand every mail brings her a new batch of relatives, some of whom just want to know that she is happy and wish to be remembered, while others insist she drop her work and come to live with them, asserting that as she is so rich she might show her appreciation of having sprung from their family tree by helping Johnnie or Billy through college. The last straw came in a threatening letter from a long-lost father, upbraiding her for running away from home and leaving her family to suffer. Following a long history of the family troubles, the letter concluded with the statement that now she has so much money the only possible restitution they would accept would be a life of ease for the remainder of their days. Miss Walker is looking for a recipe for the removal of useless and undesirable relatives.

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MRS. LOUISE INGRAM

Suite 442, 408 Adams St., TOLEDO, OHIO

A recent addition to the already large force of Eclair players at Tucson is Miss Mae Reynolds. Miss Reynolds arrived from New York last week and has been engaged to play ingénue leads opposite Stanley Walpole. She has an excellent record with the Biograph and other prominent manufacturers, and possesses a most charming personality.

Francis Ford and his company of Extra 101 Bison players are at work on the production of a four-reel adaptation of "The Relief of Lucknow," a story of the Sepoy Indian revolution. The picture, which will appear under the title "The Campbells Are Coming," is one of the most elaborate productions ever attempted, and promises to be even more spectacular in its way than was the "Lucile Love" series.

After a week's vacation following the completion of the fifteenth and last installment of the "Trey o' Hearts" series, Wilfred Lucas and his Gold Seal Company are again busy at work at the West Coast studios on a three-reel society drama, entitled "Madonna of the Moon," featuring Cleo Madison. Playing opposite is Joe King. Ed Sloman and Bess Meredyth are in the cast.

Again Big Six Christie doffs the uniform of the diamond, dons the greasepaint of the studio, and takes his place behind the blinding lights and religiously follows the instructions of his director, Stuart Paton. The picture is the second of the Christie Mathewson series, "The Umpire." Dorothy Phillips is supporting him in this picture, together with Hobart Henley and Howard Crampton.

Fred Mace

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Edith Storey

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